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August 31, 1960

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8

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 31, 1960

Vol. 28, No. 13

EDITORIAL

● The picture on the opposite page is not the kind of picture our readers are accustomed to seeing in this paper.

We publish it as a public duty. We know that every Australian wants to see the murderer of Graeme Thorne brought to justice.

It is now seven weeks since the little boy was kidnapped on his way to school. Police have few leads to follow; one of their most valuable clues is the rug.

They believe that women, with a keener eye for fabric and color, may recognise the rug more readily than many men would.

That is why they sought the help of *The Australian Women's Weekly* in this tragic case. We are glad to do anything in our power to assist them.

THE EDITOR.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Suitors for Princess Alexandra seem as hard to come by as they were for Princess Margaret, says Anne Matheson, of our London staff.

ANNE told us: "Lord O'Neill, King Baudouin of Belgium, Prince Harald of Norway, and Juan Carlos, eldest son of the Pretender to the Spanish Throne, have been mentioned lately as possible suitors."

"The most recent is a young Italian nobleman whom the Princess invited to dances in the country."

Anne, who gives the Princess's slimming diet for her Nigerian tour (pages 8 and 9), said:

"According to Mr. Philip Hay, the Duchess of Kent's private secretary, Princess Alexandra is looking forward to her visit to Nigeria."

"Africa, he said, was a real challenge to the Princess, different altogether from her visit to Australia, since it was essentially of a more formal nature. "Nor would she be able to enjoy the 'very high degree of informality' she did in Australia."

IRENA DICKMAN, author of "The Compensating

Factor" (page 19), has had a varied career since she arrived in Australia from England 10 years ago.

She began as a cook on a Queensland sheep station, where she wrote her first short story "from sheer boredom."

Now she is editor of a small magazine and compere of the TV session "Pets' Corner" on Adelaide's Channel 7.

Between times she writes advertising copy and TV scripts. She also is writing a book on dogs, "The World Against Us."

In real life Irena Dickman is Mrs. Rena Cross, of Moana Beach, South Australia.

She told our Fiction Department she liked writing for us.

"You like off-beat stories and I got so tired of writing to a formula," she said.

AS this issue was going to press, it was still undecided whether Stuart Mackenzie (page 34) would contest the single sculling event at the Olympics.

Our Cover

● The Olympic Flame dramatically highlights a Gold Medal—goal of all the athletes from the 87 nations competing in the XVII Olympic Games in Rome. Our cover was designed by staff artist Roger Donnellan, who also designed the eight-page, all-color, pull-out guide to the Games (pages 33 to 40).

Mackenzie, a favorite for gold-medal honors when we were preparing the Olympic guide, has had ulcer trouble.

★ ★ ★
RECIPES for delicious Italian dishes are featured in a four-page pull-out in our next issue. Many of the dishes are shown against superb color pictures of the places of which they are typical — Rome, Venice, Milan, Portofino, the Adriatic Coast. With the emphasis on the Rome Olympics, eat the way the Italians do.

This photograph is published at the request of the N.S.W. police

● The Commissioner of Police for New South Wales, Mr. C. J. Delaney, asked The Australian Women's Weekly to publish this picture.

It is a photograph of the rug in which the body of 8-year-old Graeme Thorne, kidnapped from his home at Bondi, N.S.W., on July 7, was wrapped when it was found 12 miles away, at Seaforth.

The rug is one of three vital clues which may help the police find Graeme's murderer.

Anyone who recognises the rug, or owns a similar one, is requested to contact the police. If in Sydney, they should telephone police headquarters, B030. Country or interstate readers should contact their nearest police station.

If the area in which the rug was bought or manufactured can be established it will help to narrow police investigations to a particular time or a particular place.

The police are anxious to discover whether anyone owning a similar rug has had it stolen in recent weeks, either from a car or from a house.

Hairs and other foreign matter found on the rug are being examined at the Police Scientific Investigation Bureau. The police say that the rug is particularly important because of the lack of clues, except for the piece of string which bound Graeme's legs and the scarf which was tied tightly round his neck.

Sydney Police have issued this description of the rug: All-wool travel rug of Australian manufacture, 69 inches long (including fringe) by 61in. Length, excluding fringes, is 63½in. Color: All-blue-grey background with large overcheck of white, black, and maroon. Coloring is not as bright as those at present on the market, and it is suggested it could have been manufactured 10 years ago or even pre-war.

Width of color bands: White 5/16in., 1½in. and 1½in.; black, 5/16in., ½in. and 1 3/16in.; maroon ½in. and 1½in. Fringes are machine-stitched and approximately 2½in. long. The maker's label is missing, but was approximately 4in. by 2in. and stitched with a zig-zag stitch.

Although the rug is an all-over dull grey, it is thought it was originally a much brighter grey-blue.

Police say that it will help them if anyone can supply an identical rug to the one in which Graeme's body was wrapped. Persons being interviewed will be shown it instead of the color transparency with which the police are at present having to work, as it would enable more positive identification.

If anyone can help with information on the murder rug, or can supply the police with a similar one, they are urged to come forward.



This is the rug in which Graeme Thorne's body was wrapped.

Rome — an Olympic wonderland

From CYNTHIA STRACHAN, in Rome

● *It's a waste of money tossing three coins in the fountain in Olympic Rome, because you couldn't wish anything more than being here for the greatest extravaganza in the history of the Games.*



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EVEN before the Olympics got under way with the August 25 opening ceremony it was impossible not to be inspired by the magnificent setting.

The Games are an excuse for creating not only new sporting venues but also countless new buildings, roads, and bridges, and in true Italian tradition, everything is a work of art.

The result is that the city of a million faces now has a million and many more.

It has changed so much that even the Romans don't know where they're going, and the traffic becomes so chaotic it's like being thrown to the lions every time you enter a car.

When I first arrived, 17 days before the Games, I, like Pressmen from all round the world, thought that the lions might have been a kinder fate than covering the Games.

Confusion

My story was typical.

At Rome International Airport I was welcomed by two pretty signorinas—Gabrielle Macchi di Cellere and Maria Uizia Gambino—two of 300 uniformed interpreters meeting and guiding official Olympic visitors.

They sped me through the Customs and provided a car and driver to take me the 13 miles to Domus Pacis, a part of the Press Village.

For those few minutes it was a gold-medal performance in organisation.

But from then confusion reigned.

The driver, who couldn't speak English, didn't know Rome.

Apparently neither did the three people he woke from siesta, an ice-cream vendor, or 14 policemen he asked for directions. And so, four hours and one Cook's Tour of Rome later, I arrived at Domus Pacis.

This is one of two buildings forming the Press Village, housing 1200 accredited journalists of all nations.

Both Domus Pacis (House

of Peace) and Domus Mariae (Home of Mary) are religious centres seconded for the Games.

Whoever decided to house the Pressmen in the House of Peace would beat Damon Runyon as a humorist.

This building is usually used as an overnight hostel for Catholic pilgrims, who still arrived by the bus-load for days after the Press had hustled in.

In this unlikely jumble of Press, pilgrims, and monks it was soon clear the House of Peace wasn't really.

"To think we grumbled about the accommodation in Melbourne hotels," moaned a group of Americans who threatened a mass walkout.

But their grumblings were of little use, for no one at Domus Pacis spoke English.

All the interpreters were at Domus Mariae and no one could crack through the language barrier even to make a phone call.

I discovered this the hard way.

The morning after arrival church bells heralded breakfast. But the doorlock had jammed, imprisoning me in a 12ft. by 8ft. room.

Every time I lifted the phone for help the receptionist giggled and gave me an outside line.

Bangings finally brought a journalist to the rescue.

"You could have spent the Olympics there," he said, breaking down the door. "I guess we could have fed you pizza under the door, but we'd never have got the message across here."

But through this confusion shone the excitement of the International City, splendid in its Olympic venues and romance.

And Domus Pacis soon became as peaceful as any business housing 800 Pressmen could be.

They are getting accustomed to the Latin temperament, realise that time means nothing, expect a simple question to involve 20 minutes' animated discussion.

"At this rate, events in the

Games could be days late, and the closing ceremony might not be till 1961," cracked one sportscaster.

But everyone remembered that the Romans have been staging successful spectacles since before Christendom, and no one seriously doubts that this will be the greatest ever.

Perfect weather is helping. Threatening killing heat has been replaced by ideal Mediterranean warmth, which Australians love.

And, despite predictions that Rome would be bursting at the seams and that prices would skyrocket, there has been little evidence to date.

More than 150,000 visitors are expected, but Rome, with charming pavement cafes at every turn, can cope.

There is still accommodation available.

In fact, Mr. H. Chiha, Olympic Village Press Service Chief, can't find takers for a luxury five-bed apartment at £40 a week, just a discus throw from the Village.

At Olympic Village the first of the Australians on the scene were Mr. Edgar Tanner, honorary secretary of the Australian Olympic Federation, Mr. Jack Howson, team's assistant general manager, and Mr. Tanner's 21-year-old daughter, Anne. Anne, one of three secretaries in the Australian quarters in the Village, was the first girl living in the women's quarters, which are fenced off from the main village area.

Ban on men

On the first night she lost her key in the dark and returned to ask her father's help. But the guards wouldn't let him past.

For the "no men in the women's quarters" rules are being strictly watched.

With typical Latin reasoning, however, there is no restriction on women in the men's quarters.

Accommodation and food in the Village couldn't be better. It is divided into flats, each housing from nine to 13 athletes.



THE Australian athletes are housed in these airy, two-storey apartments in Rome's Olympic Village. The flats are built off the ground on concrete pillars for coolness.

These flats, which will become permanent Government housing after the Games, are attractively furnished in modern light wood furniture and, like the bulk of Roman buildings, feature marble floors and skirtings.

Twelve different menus are served in 10 restaurants, which the organisers say constitute a gastronomic Tower of Babel. Nine restaurants open at regular meal hours and cater for the different food tastes of 87 nations with 8000 competitors.

The Australians eat in Restaurant Nine — the colonial restaurant. Their table mates are the teams of the West Indies, Bermuda, Ethiopia, Kenya, New Zealand, Rhodesia, South Africa, and Uganda.

The tenth restaurant serves all-comers "with a menu one would expect to find in any dining car of a European railway" and is open 24 hours a day to cater for athletes on different training and meal schedules.

The athletes have a wet car-

teen with beer and wine available, but it is unlikely the turnover will be great in this department.

The caterer of the International Restaurant speaks some English, so I asked whether he planned special Olympic spaghetti dishes and for details of the food.

"Si, si," he said nodding. Proud that he had understood, he handed me a peach.

The chief of the buildings housing the Australians and New Zealanders is handsome, flashing-eyed Captain Paolo Fiore, of the Italian Army.

Referred to by the Aussies as Captain Fury, he is the man who copes with all the team's problems, from installing TV to dealing with peeping Romeos, a problem which confronted the women's team.

Their flat windows are on the exact level of the Corso Francia, a new public overpass bridging the Village.

Young soldiers, many who have never been in Rome, are driving official cars, adding to the general confusion.

A few days ago I drove round the Olympic sites with Edgar Tanner in the Australian team's jeep, driven by Nicola, an enthusiastic Sicilian, who doesn't speak one word of English and gets lost with carefree regularity.

"At least it's a good way of seeing Rome," said Tanner, as Nicola asked yet another policeman for guidance.

The confusion wasn't helped when members of the party said we were going round in circles, and pointed to a Senso Unico (one-way traffic) sign, saying "We were in this street before."

The language barrier is half the fun and half the frustration of being in Olympic Rome.

At least in Melbourne the interpreters interpreted fluently, but most here have been recruited from language schools, and are as bewildered as their first victims.

On another tour of the venues, my guide was Raymond Triado, from Melbourne, normally a migration

officer with the Australian Embassy here.

Ray, who is acting as the Australian team's attache, is a walking guide-book, and said that Romans regard the Olympics as a golden opportunity to build a new Rome.

"Just as there was an ancient Rome, and a renaissance Rome, this could well become known in history as the Olympic Rome," he said.

The construction includes not only the sporting venues but several new bridges—one over the Tiber — buildings galore, an artificial lake, and miles and miles of roadwork.

All stadiums are pictures of architectural brilliance, glistening with marble and rich in mosaics.

Perfect setting

Much of the glory is in the Olympic Centre, a modern garden city Mussolini began for the ambitious World Trade Exposition planned for 1940.

"They'll save it for some spectacular occasion they think it fits," said Triado.

"They don't need it now. They have so many lovely buildings, and it is their passion to continue creating more."

Back in Olympic Village, which is on a 74-acre site at a bend of the Tiber, it is planned to have nightly movies.

Among films scheduled are "A Thousand Years of Boxing" and "The Salmon's Struggle for Survival."

"They needn't save a seat for me," said Australian world's champion sculler, Stuart Mackenzie, who was the first Australian athlete in the Village.

If these impressions of Olympic City suggest that Rome is currently a crazy mixed-up place, that's just it.

But it's a wonderful city, colorful with miles of flag-flanked roads, and, to its last ruin or most modern building, is a perfect backdrop for the Games.

I guarantee there won't be one person of any nation who won't be reluctant to say *Arrivederci Roma* when the Games close on September 11.

The Japanese giggled . . . the Russians stared . . . the French gave a friendly wink. It was all part of . . .

. . . adventure in the beauty salon

I BLUSHED red as an Italian sunset as the world looked in on me being beautified in Rome's Olympic Village.

Here, the Games organisers obviously think that beauty and the processes of achieving it are things everyone and his dog should share. The beauty salon in the Village's long avenue of smart shops is a goldfish bowl, with ceiling-to-floor glass walls.

One morning after breakfasting with the Australian rowing team in the Village's international restaurant, I thought I'd have a quick shampoo and set.

I reckoned without the help of Aldo, Ricardo, Rozella, and their four collaborators.

Aldo took charge of the beauty battle scene because he had one advantage over the others. He could speak English—or so he said.

Anyway, I got the message across that I wanted my hair washed and set. That was enough to gather round me the entire salon staff of seven, who each had a pull at the hair and gave a lengthy verdict.

After "encore" and something sounding like "macaroni," I was ready to flee, but eighteen-year-old Aldo was "translating":

"You have color tint— you know, *redda col- ora*."

All protests anti this suggestion were ignored.

The Romans must approve the idea of tin- your - kangaroo - down- sport, because I was surrounded while a lethal-looking brew was poured over my locks.

At about this time my small world, comprising just about every nation of the competing 87, came to see the only captive female in the salon circus.

The next battle came when Ricardo, officer-in-charge, waved a razor, threatening to cut the hair it's taken a year to grow in preparation for this Games trip.

His liquid eyes brimmed when I won this argument.

Later, through the noise of the dryer, I heard Aldo suggest a manicure.

"Si, si," I agreed enthusiastically.

Next moment Aldo was pulling off my sandals and resting one foot on a padded stool.

"Do these myself," he said proudly.

I negated feet and pointed at my fingernails.

"Si, si, you like manicure AND pedicure," he said triumphantly.

Too weak to protest, I agreed, and pretty Rozella set to work on my fingernails.

By now my cosmopolitan audience was loving it, and an Italian jeep-driver blew me a kiss.

The team of assistants completed my beauty job.

My hair looked magnifico in a style as high as Vesuvius, so what matter the color is as startling as the flame of the Olympic torch? My feet felt ready to start in the marathon. My fingernails, in latest Latin vogue, looked like lollypops—vivid polish only on the centre of each nail, the sides plain.

It cost almost 4000 lire—nearly £A3; pedicure 16/-, set and rinse 33/-, manicure 6/-.

I'm delighted with the results, but I'll make my next appointment at everyone else's siesta time.

You can cope with the Russian gazes, the Japanese giggles, even the Romans' cheeky stares. But it's time to bale out when—as happened to me—a passing Press colleague laughs hysterically and yells:

"Look at her, will you! No wonder they reckon Australians are a weird mob."



REPORTER Cynthia Strachan and "the hair it's taken a year to grow."



THESE smartly uniformed girls are official guides at the Olympic Village. They welcome new arrivals, straighten out language difficulties, give directions and information.



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*Let's see how
this spring model looks . . .*



*No, you can't say it
does much for me . . .*



*Why, it's quite enough
to make a cat laugh*

● What with all this talk of new spring hats, Michele the kitten tried on a spring bonnet. It fitted. It felt fine. But how did it look? She consulted the mirror . . . and laughed so much that even the mice saw the joke.

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PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S DIET

BREAKFAST

3oz. fish, grilled
or
1 egg, boiled or poached
or
1oz. cold, cooked, lean meat
(not bacon or ham)

1 slice bread ($\frac{1}{4}$ " thick),
toasted but unbuttered

1 teacup liquid without sugar

LUNCH

Two eggs, boiled or poached
or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lean meat
(red meat, chicken, lamb,
mutton, veal, tongue, or
tripe) grilled, boiled,
steamed, or stewed

A green vegetable (no peas),
tomatoes

1 slice bread, buttered

1 teacup liquid

TEA

1 teacup liquid

1 plain biscuit
(no butter)

DINNER

Two eggs, boiled or poached
or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lean meat
(red meat, chicken, lamb,
mutton, veal, tongue, or
tripe) grilled, boiled,
steamed, or stewed

A green vegetable

Green salad with diet dress-
ing * See foot of page

1 teacup liquid

No salt and little liquid are key features of the slimming menus

● Princess Alexandra's diet is designed for a quick weight loss of seven pounds in the first week. It is a hard diet, but effective. Its rewards come in a quickly visible weight loss, and a shape that is noticeably more elegant in only seven days.

THE diet was prescribed by Queen Elizabeth's own doctor to bring Princess Alexandra to the peak of physical fitness for her Nigerian tour.

There is no doubt that it will do this, that Alex's wardrobe for the tour will be enhanced by her new shape.

Stories from Kensington Palace say that Princess Alexandra has difficulty sticking to her diet—but stick to it she does.

Healthy

It must be difficult, for it is a spartan regime. But it is healthy, and, above all, reducing.

Salt and alcohol are forbidden absolutely, and other liquids are restricted to an intake of four tea-cups in 24 hours.

Cooking without salt is dif-

icult enough, and there are many other restrictions.

On the completely restricted list also are: All fruit, fruit juices (except lemon), sugar, chocolates, cakes, pastry, cheese, nuts, puddings, jam, marmalade, meat, and vegetable extracts, potatoes, carrots, broad beans, haricot, lima, navy or soya beans, yoghurt.

The three ingredients allowed that a cook would seize on with joy as a help towards more flavor are: Lemon juice, black pepper, and vinegar.

Princess Alexandra finds the four cups of liquid the most difficult part of the diet. It means that she can't have even a glass of soft drink after she has danced half a night away, unless she has saved one of her cups of liquid.

However, the no-salt order means that she doesn't get so thirsty.

The Queen's doctor says that after the first week's

weight loss of seven pounds, the weight loss is only slight in the second week, but the diet really shows phenomenal results in the third week.

Princess Alexandra will stay on her diet until she reaches her desired weight and measurements.

Stays slender

When she reaches this happy state, the Queen's doctor intends to provide her with a stabilising diet to ensure that she keeps to her desired weight.

He is studying her normal diet at present, establishing its weaknesses, finding out the foods and drinks that pile on Royal pounds. None of them will be included in the stabilising diet.

Princess Alexandra's spartan diet is not a starvation one. Her doctor doesn't believe in his patients going hungry.

"My diet is gluttony," he says. "It only needs imagination to make the foods suggested into attractive meals."

Here are some further features of the Royal diet and pointers to palatable dishes:

● Onions, parsley, herbs, and a little celery may be used for flavoring.

● Liquid used for stews must be taken from the daily four-cup allowance.

● If thirst becomes very bad, Alexandra is allowed to suck a small piece of ice, or drink a small cup of black coffee.

Foil cooking would be ideal to save using the liquid allowance.

Take your meat, fish, or fowl and put on foil. Rub meat with butter allowance (from bread at lunchtime), sprinkle with herbs. Seal foil and place in hot oven to cook in own juice. Do not use salt, but serve with black pepper.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA before she started on her current diet.

Herbs could be replaced with a mixture of the other flavorings allowed.

Stew is difficult because it involves using liquid. But it could be managed by using the luncheon tomato.

Slice tomato, and cut up stewing meat small. Place with tomato and finely

chopped onion and simmer until tender. Garnish with parsley. Serve with black pepper.

* DIET DRESSING

One part lemon juice, 3 parts liquid paraffin, and freshly ground black pepper shaken well together. Garlic optional.

Alexandra slims for Royal tour

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Princess Alexandra is on a rigid diet — a diet almost imposed by her Royal birth and her Royal duties. For natural, fun-loving Alexandra is becoming more prominent in Royal circles both at home and abroad as the Queen's representative.

ALREADY in England a feeling is growing that she is going to become the Royal workhorse.

Princess Alexandra is now preparing for the biggest official job of her life — her three-week Nigerian tour that begins in Lagos on September 25. Most important function of a tour that will be almost all work and officialdom and formality will be on September 30, when she will represent the Queen at Nigeria's Independence ceremony.

The Princess will be called upon to wear formal, glamorous gowns, to be flawlessly groomed on every occasion.

She has ordered a whole new, wonderful wardrobe of clothes—to brand-new measurements.

For some time now she has been on a diet prescribed by the Queen's doctor.

As well, she has had to punctuate her busy life in London with visits to masseuse Miss Margaret Macinnes, who has been masseuse to the Kent family since Alexandra was a baby.

Her new slim figure is the delight of all seven dressmakers, from leading designer Norman Hartnell to off-the-peg manufacturers, who are preparing an extravagant and elegant wardrobe for her tour.

For once, Alexandra has not had to be careful of her pennies when selecting the clothes she would like to wear. The Queen has given her a handsome sum to spend on them.

Her milliner is in Paris choosing new hat styles for her. Her jeweller in London is polishing up her jewels, including her tiara.

She will wear a tiara more often than a hat in Nigeria—even at eight o'clock in the morning.

On her limited dress allowance, Princess Alexandra was named one of the world's ten best-dressed women. She has a superb color sense. Now she has been able to give full rein to it, for the African tour calls for gorgeous, colorful gowns.

Everywhere she will be meeting African chiefs whose official and ceremonial robes can outdo anything in Paris, London, and New York for splendor and richness.

The Queen has taken Alexandra on board the Royal yacht Britannia cruising to the Orkney and Shetland Islands before the Royal family holidays at Balmoral. Together, they have been going over the Nigerian programme, with the Queen briefing her emissary.

Princess Alexandra will be the first member of the Royal family to interrupt the traditionally peaceful summer holiday to go abroad on a Royal tour.

The Princess will travel by plane, helicopter, and train on the tour that will take in the three self-governing regions of Nigeria.

She will leave Kano, in Northern Nigeria, on October 15, arrive at London Airport the following day. On October 17 she will be back at the airport to officially welcome the King and Queen of Nepal to England.

In spite of her new figure and her clothes, Alexandra has not yet "changed" her hair. The shingle is scarcely suited to a tiara.

● New, slimmer elegance for Alexandra—shown here in London, where she has been busy preparing for her Nigerian tour. The picture was taken by Maurice Wilmott.



THE GORILLA, a native of West Africa and the Belgian Congo, is the strongest and largest of all anthropoid (manlike) apes. Weighing as much as 400 lbs. with a height of up to 7', it can bend a 2" bar of tempered steel with hardly any effort. It beats its chest when excited and can be extremely dangerous when aroused.



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BEAR HAS STRENGTH TAPED!

FATHER



"It's unbreakable."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.
"PLEASE let me use your new scent . . . If the teacher smells it she'll send me home."

It seems to me

I CAN hardly wait to take a trip on Sydney's first moving footway, promised in motion before Christmas.

It is being installed in the 700ft. tunnel connecting the Domain parking station to the College Street subway which leads into Hyde Park.

Moving footways have long been forecast, eventually will be the only solution to inner-city transport.

At present, Sydney does have its own type of moving footways. You stand up on them to be transported from point to point. They are called buses.

The real footway will move at a more stately pace—one-and-a-half miles per hour. One hopes there will be room for the impatient to skip past the patient, as on escalators.

BOMBS permitting, the next 100 years will see a tremendous revolution in living.

With the present increase in world population the earth will get more and more crowded. In 600 years there may be only six square yards per person.

Suppose there were no wars and that black and white, red and blue managed to live together amicably (unlikely, but there's no harm in imagining), how would living space be arranged?

Presumably most of the earth would be covered by huge blocks of flats, multi-storeyed factories, and offices stretching upward to the sky and downward into the earth.

The motor-car would be obsolete, having choked itself off the roads.

There would be a strictly rostered system of leisure outings, when people would be conveyed (packed neatly in containers) to see patches of sky or small areas of trees and grass.

And the viewers would stand around saying, "I don't know much about nature, but it makes a nice change."

AND all that future-talk reminds me that there have been some off-putting accounts of the moon lately.

It is said to be not only airless and waterless, but covered in craggy cliffs and continually bombarded by meteorites. The first men who land on it will have to live underground.

They will feel as people often do when they meet at close range some admired celebrity—say, a beautiful, remote film star who turns out to have spots on her face and a hideous temper.

THE Duke of Bedford, embarking on his third marriage, negotiated with magazines and TV interests for the sale of exclusive rights to photography.

In this the Duke displayed his customary businesslike approach to life.

Eventually those bibles of the Peerage—Dobrett and Burke—will draw distinctions between amateurism and professionalism among the nobility.

By



Dorothy Drain

TOUCHES of spring madness in the shops—the "split-level blouse" and the "fun-hat."

There is no need to be alarmed about the split-level blouse. It is merely a two-tiered blouse, or you could describe it as having an attached bolero.

As for the fun-hats, they're in the men's department of a Sydney store. Some have mad straw fringes standing up from the crown and could do double duty as a brush for a dust-pan.

I am not sure whether they are meant for boys or jolly old boys.

SPRING in the shops is prettier this year than for many years past.

The hats are flower-gardens, the materials so enchanting that they would tempt the most determined beatnik out of black stockings.

Judging by the crowds round the displays, the first warm days should provide a sight worth seeing.

When the girls discard those big woolly sweaters and skirts and get into their summer dresses, the transformation will be the most startling since the first butterfly crawled out of its furry cocoon.

DID you know that the word "barbecue" was old-fashioned?

The up-to-date terms are "cook-out" and "steak-out."

MAKE-UP expert Syd Simons has thinned the eyebrows of Presidential candidate Richard Nixon to make them more pleasing to the American public. Simons also uses pale eye-shadow on Nixon's eyes so that they will appear less deep-set on the TV screen, believes that these changes will win thousands more Republican votes.

They say the shape of Cleopatra's nose Altered the course of history, so now A make-up wizard, ever on his toes, Sees portents in the shaggy Nixon brow.

With tweezers and a tube of paint he tries

To make a picture pleasing on the screen.

The candidate, bewildered, sadly sighs: "So this, by public life, is what they mean."

Used differently were Cleopatra's wiles When long ago her tangled web she spun.

Somewhere her shade looks on, saying with smiles:

"In my day politics were much more fun."

The taste of luscious grapes comes through
(whichever way you drink it)



McWILLIAM'S Cream SHERRY

McWilliam's Cream Sherry is an easy ever-ready greeting for whenever friends drop in . . . it goes with cakes, snacks and good conversation.

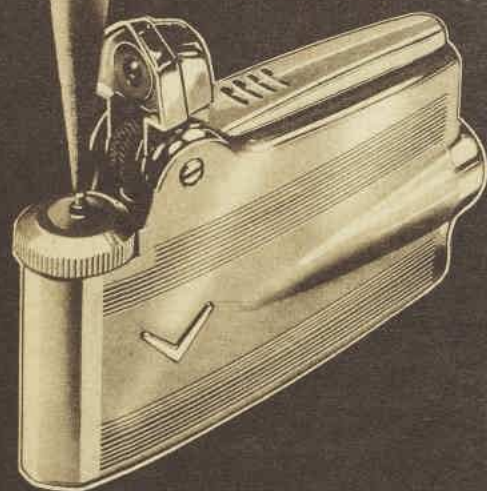
McWilliam's Cream Sherry is a specially selected sweet sherry with a smooth, creamy body . . . a wine that says "hospitality."

SHERRY ON THE ROCKS

Simply place two ice cubes in a glass and pour over 2 or 3 oz. of McWilliam's Cream Sherry.

RONSON Varaflame BUTANE GAS LIGHTER

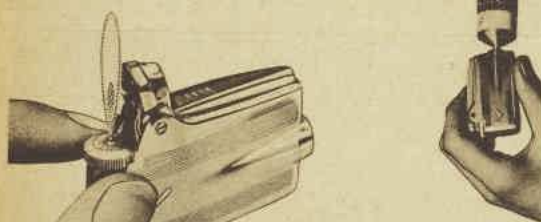
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gift for Dad
on Father's Day!



- fills in seconds...
lights for months
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you need

Five-second refuelling:-

Simply remove filler cap, insert multi-fill, press and withdraw. One Ronson Butron multi-fill tube holds almost a year's normal gas supply. The flame is clean and tasteless.



Fingertip flame control:-

The smooth-working milled wheel turns at a touch to adjust flame height for cigarette, pipe or cigar.



In satin-lined presentation box, engraved finish, 120/-; engine-turned with gold "V", 135/-. Available in pigskin, golden lizard skin or black lizard skin at 127/6. Select from the full Ronson range of lighters for men and women.

RONSON

INTERNATIONAL STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

From N.Z.—just to buy some gloves

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● "I really only came to Australia to buy some gloves," said visiting New Zealand best-selling novelist Sylvia Ashton-Warner.

I WOULDN'T be seen in public in the ones you buy in New Zealand."

But Miss Ashton-Warner, whose first novel, "Spinster," is a best-seller (except in Australia), wasn't literally serious.

What she really cares most about is—not gloves—but the lack of recognition in Australia for local writing talent.

"New Zealand writers are just not appreciated in Australia," she said. "Nor, for that matter, are Australian writers."

"People here just don't seem to realise that there is so much literary talent in Australia and New Zealand."

"I know, because during my ten days here I've talked to Australian writers and they share my view."

Another thing that perturbs Miss Ashton-Warner is that Australians regard New Zealanders as "poor backyard neighbors."

Although it has not made

much impact here, "Spinster" has for many weeks been on the best-selling list in America, has sold well in Britain and on the Continent.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have bought the film rights and three actresses are competing to play the heroine.

Vie for role

The three actresses who want to play Anna Vorontsov, a spinster in her forties who teaches in a bi-racial school in New Zealand, are Simone Signoret, who won a Best Actress award for her performance in "Room at the Top," Deborah Kerr, and Greer Garson, who is prepared to come out of retirement to play the part.

Miss Ashton-Warner's second book, "Incense to Idols," the story of a "naughty, selfish French girl's" love for a "dedicated, sober minister of religion," is scheduled for publication in September in America and Britain.



SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER, whose first novel, "Spinster," is to be filmed in New Zealand soon.

When she isn't getting slightly angry about the lack of recognition for many good local writers, Miss Ashton-Warner is a mild, soft-voiced New Zealander whose 17 years of teaching white and Maori children have given her an intimate knowledge of the problems besetting an infant schoolteacher.

"I just had to try that myself so I could record accurately just what its effect would be," said Miss Ashton-Warner. "I wouldn't recommend it as a satisfactory way of starting the day, no matter what the difficulties ahead!"

Mother

As I suspected, the author is not a spinster. Miss Ashton-Warner is a very-much-married mother of three grown-up children, and she has a much-loved son-in-law ("please don't forget him" and three grandchildren.

Her husband, Mr. Keith D. Henderson, is headmaster of one of the largest bi-racial schools in New Zealand, Tauranga, in the North Island.

"I always wanted to write a book, but I was too busy teaching and bringing up babies," she said. "Spinster" took me two years to write, and I worked nine hours a day on it every day.

"If I hadn't been so happily married I could not have written as I did. You can always write more strongly about a wish than a reality. "Not that I wished to be a spinster, but I do think they have rather a wonderful time, with so much independence and freedom."

"I couldn't have written nearly such a convincing book about a happy marriage. It would be too close to my own heart and my own life. A spinster could probably write a very good book about a happy marriage."

Miss Ashton-Warner had intended to stay in Australia a month, but was anxious after 10 days to get back to her New Zealand home.

"I have to go back to weed the garden," she said with a smile.

Love tragedy

In the book, Anna, full of maternal longing yet also full of integrity, falls in love with a student schoolteacher, Paul, who eventually shoots himself. Her thoughts reveal her fear of growing old, the fading of her looks, her regrets of love that "might have been."

Even worse is her fear of failure in the only thing she really cares about—teaching. She worries about the lack of discipline in the children, the visits of the school inspector, her growing tendency to talk to herself and to the flowers in her garden.

To help her through her lonely hours and to cope with a schoolroom full of laughing, screaming, or crying children, Anna fortifies herself each morning with a half-tumbler of brandy.

FLOWER SHOW

● The work of Sir Joseph Banks, botanist with Captain Cook, will influence the display which the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. will prepare for its exhibition in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 7 and 8 during the city's Waratah Festival.

A "babbling brook" will provide an exotic setting for palms and plants which Banks would probably have seen during his early visit.

The project takes up the theme of the 1960 Waratah Festival—"Historical Events"—with emphasis on early Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly is giving prizes for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the Society.

The prizes will be presented to winners at the opening of the Festival.

In competing for them, societies may choose six decorative units from these nine classes of flower arrangements:

1, For a foyer; 2, foliage; 3, roses; 4, basket of roses (stems to be in water); 5, informal; 6, mixed flowers; 7, for a dining table (stems to be in water); 8, showing Eastern influence; 9, depicting a New South Wales historic event.

Any embellishments are permissible in all the decorative classes.

Prizes will be increased this year as follows:

First prize in the section, 50 guineas and a gold plaque.

Second prize, 25 guineas and a silver plaque.

Third prize, 12 guineas and a bronze plaque.

Fourth prize, 10 guineas and a gunmetal plaque.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 20 guineas for the best individual decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in. There is no limit in height for the exhibits.

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde, by September 23.

JENNY CRIES TO ORDER



1.—Promising young actress 18-year-old Jenny van Emden, who is in "Shadow of a Gunman," is all set to cry to order with "Method" producer Wal Cherry coaching her at his Acting Studio.



2.—Mood to cry is cultivated by a "reference" — for Jenny it is a sad song about a negro in a chain gang.



3.—Tears begin to flow and Jenny sobs quietly as she identifies herself more and more with the negroes.

It's no act for "Method" students

● At Melbourne's new "Method" school, 22 young actors and actresses are learning to lose themselves in the parts they play — so that they may feel just as the hero or the heroine or the villain may feel.

THEN, according to school principal Wal Cherry, acting comes from the inside out—not the outside in.

Wal Cherry, who has won awards for three plays he has produced in Australia and has studied drama in England, Europe, and America, is an exponent of the Stanislavski Method of acting.

He is teaching it at his year-old Theatre Workshop and Acting Studio, which is now presenting "Shadow of a Gunman" and "All That Fall" at Melbourne's National Theatre.

The New York Method school—which produced Marlon Brando—followed, he said, only a section of the Stanislavski Method.

Cherry's students also learn voice production, judo, ballet, period and soft-shoe dancing, fencing.



4.—Sobbing becomes almost hysterical. Jenny's performance is so real it is disturbing.



5.—Face wet with tears, Jenny asks, "Can I come out now?" Says teacher Wal Cherry, "Yes, right out."

Victorian Rugby Juniors to tour



MEMBERS of the under-16 Junior Rugby Union team which will go to Canberra on September 2. Captain, Jonathan Ramsden, is centre, front row.

EIGHTEEN schoolboys who are members of the Victorian Junior Rugby Union will be sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly on a trip to Canberra on September 2.

All under 16, the boys will play two matches against an A.C.T. under-16 team, chosen largely from the Combined High Schools in Canberra, at the Northbourne Oval on September 3 and 5.

Earlier, on August 28, they will play at Puckapunyal Oval against a touring team from the Metropolitan Juniors in N.S.W.

The Victorians, captained by Jonathan Ramsden, son of Mr. Warwick Ramsden, President of the V.R.U., have been chosen from teams from schools where Rugby Union is played.

Coach of the touring team is Mr. D. K. Phelan, Victorian delegate for the A.R.U. and President of the Junior Rugby Union.

Two managers, David Fraser, of Scotch College staff, and Lee Cousins, of Tottenham Technical School, will accompany the team to Canberra.

The boys will be billeted in the homes of members of the Canberra team.

Mr. Ramsden said that Rugby was a game which could be played by boys of all ages, sizes, and weight. It provided opportunities for boys who were not the spectacular kickers which other football games demand.

Rugby, a truly international game and, essentially, a team game, is regarded as an excellent health and character builder.

It was played first in England in 1823. The oldest club in Australia, the University of Sydney Club, was formed 40 years later.

Australia played and won its first Rugby Union Test against the British Isles in Sydney in 1899.

Fifty boys volunteered for the Junior Union trip to Canberra.

**"Don't
look now
Dad,
but..."**



Sunbeam **SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVING** is coming your way on **Father's Day!**"



**DE-LUXE
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Jet Black, Ivory or
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THE ONLY SHAVER THAT DEEP SHAVES BELOW THE BEARDLINE



HERE'S THE BEARDLINE

Whiskers grow from tiny skin moulds called follicles. Ordinary shavers can't cut off the base of the whiskers below skin level (the beardline).



CLEAN SHAVING ACTION

Shavemaster shaver's rounded head flattens follicles... forces more of each whisker above skin level. The hollow-ground blade cuts them clean.



BEARDLINE BEATEN

The remaining whisker fragments are drawn back well below skin level, out of sight. Only Sunbeam Shavemaster deep shaves below skin surface.

**A 14 DAY
FREE TRIAL**

Absolutely no risk when you choose a Sunbeam Shavemaster for Dad. Even though that first wonderful shave will be enough to convince him, your Sunbeam retailer will be happy to let him have a full two weeks home trial for a small deposit. If he is not completely satisfied at the end of this time, your deposit will be refunded in full.

Sunbeam **SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVEMASTER**

SHAVER

They'll call him "Your Majesty"

● Peter, King-in-exile of Yugoslavia, will meet many old friends and thousands of former subjects on his Australian tour.

SCATTERED over all six States are some 40,000 Yugoslav Australians and New Australians. Many of them were Royalists.

Among them are men who knew their young king well.

A few of them were generals. Many were officers and soldiers of the Royal Yugoslav Army. A few were members of the Royal Guard. Some have been aides to their former king.

"Peter," they say, thinking back over the years, "a nice boy."

Peter's arrival in Australia, by Jet Comet 4 on August 31, is an event they have waited and planned for.

Their former king is confronted with a busy programme in Perth, where he will begin his visit, in Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

His is an unofficial trip, financed and arranged by his old friends and old soldiers in Australia, for Peter himself is an almost penniless monarch-in-exile.

In audience with his friends he will be addressed as "Your Majesty." Women will curtsy, men will bow.

National tour organiser is a former major of the Royal Yugoslav Army. Publicity officer is an ex-captain, Vladimir Siljegovic, now of Potts Point, N.S.W.

King's dance

Committees, sub-committees, ladies' committees, mothers' committees are doing the organising on a State-wide level.

And Yugoslavs everywhere are taking national costumes out of mothballs, sewing and embroidering new ones for their children, polishing their medals. National dances and customs are being revived, and young men and women who scarcely remember their old home are being drilled in the King's Kolo—the King's Dance.



RECENT photograph of Peter, King-in-exile. His city-a-week tour begins on August 31.

Purpose of the visit is for the ex-King to see how his old friends and former subjects are getting on in Australia—and, if possible, to open Australia's gates to thousands more Yugoslavs.

Many of them are men who as young boys lost a leg or an arm, or contracted T.B., while fighting as guerrilla troops under Mihailovic in Yugoslavia during World War II.

Many of them are simply old.

Finding homes for them, and for refugees still crossing into Western Europe from Tito's Yugoslavia, is a full-time job for the ex-King.

King Peter is the son of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Queen Marie, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

King Alexander was murdered in Marseilles in 1934 when Peter was a schoolboy

in England. A regency ruled Yugoslavia until March 1941, when it signed a neutrality pact with the Axis.

Then, with strong popular support — the people's slogan was "better the grave than to be slaves" — the government was overthrown.

And Peter, aged 17, was crowned King Peter II, of Yugoslavia, on March 27, 1941.

Axis forces then attacked Yugoslavia. Its small army was powerless against them and, on April 17, it surrendered—officially.

Unofficially it went underground.

In exile

Peter and his Ministers and a section of the army and air force fled to the Middle East.

A government-in-exile was set up in London, and Yugoslav units were attached to the British forces.

At home, Colonel Draza Mihailovic carried on the fight with his guerrilla troops — Cetniks.

When Germany attacked Russia, Moscow - educated Joseph Broz Tito raised more guerrilla troops. And civil war, as well as the continued struggle against the invaders, raged until the very last days of World War II.

Yugoslavia's brave resistance cost, in all, 1,800,000 lives.

Peter has never been home again. He has never abdicated.

Last year, in America, he said, "Should Yugoslavia ever become a democratic republic, I would be one of its most loyal subjects."

In Perth he will stay at the Mt. Lawley home of a former compatriot, Dr. Pusenjak.

He will be guest-of-honor at a ball on September 5, the eve of his 37th birthday.



EX-KING PETER and his wife, Alexandra, a cousin of Prince Philip. They and their son, Alexander, live in Monaco. Peter is a keen skier, motorist, skin-diver. He speaks several languages.

there's glamour living in

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Vanity Fair



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Two layer Bri-nylon tricot fashioned for the life you love living in Ivory with Ivory trim, Ivory/gold, Black/gold, Nil/gold, Peach/gold. Sizes 12-18. Peignoir £10.10. Night £8.8. At your nearest salon that sells the wonderful things from Lucas-Vanity Fair.

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What chance have mere
men when a pretty woman
makes up her mind? . . .
an amusing short story

BY
ROBERT
WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

THE LITTLE LADY AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

ALICIA CARSTAIRS entered the walnut-panelled board-room. Every masculine eye swung a little fearfully in her direction. This was the board members' first glimpse of the woman who seemed to be pulling the shrewdest real-estate deal in the history of Milwaukee, although Eugene Kapp, the firm's lawyer, had spoken to her often. It came as a shock to see how young and pretty—innocent-looking, almost—she was.

V. K. Swan, chairman of the board of the Pipp Tower Corporation, got to his feet as gracefully as his paunch would allow and escorted her to the chair reserved for her. He introduced her to Leopold Hammond, the president, and mumbled the names of the lesser board members. Then he sat down, placed both hands flat on the mahogany table, and half raised himself in his chair, leaning toward her. "Mrs. Carstairs, I'm a man who believes in getting down to brass tacks. You have us over a barrel. You know it. But I am confident, now that I've met you, that such a charming little lady will be fair and reasonable."

Alicia nodded brightly. Her hair seemed strictly solid gold. Everett Glinchy, the least important member of the board, found himself watching it as though hypnotised. "I certainly do want to be fair and reasonable," Alicia said earnestly.

"Good. Then you just tell us what you want from us," Swan said.

"I'd just like to have you move this building off my property," she answered.

Kapp, the attorney, leaped up, strode to the window, and looked down at the traffic inching along Wisconsin Avenue twenty-eight storeys below. He rested his forehead against the cool glass. "That's what she's been saying for weeks, V. K.," he shouted. "All during our negotiations, that's what she has been saying."

Swan held up a pudgy hand. "Let's not get excited. It must be a misunderstanding. Mrs. Carstairs is obviously a woman of intelligence as well as charm. She knows it's impossible to move a thirty-three-storey building."

"It's only a matter of eighteen inches," Alicia remarked. Swan opened his mouth, thought better of what he'd started to say, and shook his head.

Alicia glanced around the table at the worried masculine faces. "They move houses," she said. "They jack them up, put rollers under them—"

"Houses, yes," Swan's face was getting red. "Houses they move. Barns they move. Filling-stations, maybe. But the Pipp Tower they can't move. Do you have any idea how much a thirty-three-storey building made of steel and concrete would weigh?"

Alicia leaned forward, interested. "No, I don't. How much?"

"Thousands of pounds. Millions. Now let's quit kidding each other."

"I'm not kidding, Mr. Swan. I bought the lot next door to you in good faith, and just because somebody made a mistake when they were putting your tower up and got eighteen inches of it on my land doesn't mean I should change my plans."

Swan made a heroic effort to control himself. "And just what are your plans, exactly? Kapp has given me some cock-and-bull story about what you're going to do, but I want to hear it first hand."

"Why, I supposed I'd made it clear. I plan to put up a ranch house."

"A ranch house! Right smack dab in the middle of downtown—"

"Exactly. I'm looking for privacy."

"Privacy! Madam, do you realise that a hundred and forty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three people pass the Pipp Tower every twenty-four hours?"

Alicia laughed gently. Swan sounded just like her husband, Bert. Bert hadn't seen the point at first, either. It is hard for a man to understand that you don't judge privacy by how many people pass by, but by how many stop in.

"Mrs. Carstairs," Hammond said. He was a morose-looking fellow. "We are prepared to offer you a handsome profit. We

will buy that lot for enough money to enable you to purchase a lot in the suburbs, where you can—"

"The suburbs," Alicia said coldly. "Don't talk to me about the suburbs. That's how it all started."

Glinchy, the least important board member, forgot he was supposed to speak only when V.K. or Hammond spoke to him. He was staring, still hypnotised, at Alicia's golden hair. "How did it start?" he asked. "I think it would be most interesting to know." Swan and Hammond glared at him, but he avoided their eyes. After all, Mrs. Carstairs was smiling a little sadly. He had the feeling that she was on his side.

"It all started," she said, "when Bert and I moved to the Heights to live graciously."

That's what the advertisement had said: "Live graciously in a quiet, suburban atmosphere." And, innocents that they were, she and Bert had believed it. They had put down their money for a split-level on a half acre and moved in. Bert had hung a swing in the single scrubby oak that had enabled the real-estate man to insist the lot was wooded, and John and Nancy, the children, had swung back and forth. At first it had seemed that it was going to be wonderful.

"You see," Alicia told the board members wistfully, "all we ever wanted was privacy—a place of our own, where we could get away from the hustle and bustle."

"I know just how you feel," Glinchy said. He ignored V.K. He didn't care about V.K. now. He wanted Alicia to understand that he understood.

But somehow, she went on, it just didn't work out. The first thing she knew, Bert was a member of the Heights Power-Mower and Green-Thumb Guild, a community organisation that held meetings almost constantly. And she was somehow involved with the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts, the P.T.A., and the B.W.A.

"The B.W.A.?" Glinchy inquired.

"The Bridge Widows Association. Bert was forced by evil neighborhood companions into learning bridge. We were so busy that we never saw each other except at meetings, and we had to raise our hands and get the chair to recognise us before we could speak to each other."

But the organisations weren't the worst part, Alicia said. The worst part was the way everybody kept dropping in all the time. It got so that she simply left the door wide open and put up a sign: "This way to Grand Central Station." After a year, she finally locked herself in the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror and asked herself, "Is this the way I want to spend the rest of my life?"

"And what did you answer?" Glinchy demanded.

"I don't see what all this has to do with the problem at hand," V.K. declared. "Our time is valuable, madam, and I feel we should—"

"I want to hear her answer," Glinchy said firmly, and Swan was so surprised that he was silent.

"My answer," Alicia said, "was no. This wasn't my idea of gracious living. So when Bert came home that night, I told him we were going to buy a farm."

"Bravo!" Glinchy looked triumphantly at V.K. "Excellent solution."

"So we thought. We found a charming little house, with thirty acres, down a side road, with no neighbors within half a mile. It looked wonderful."

"It sounds wonderful. I keep telling my wife, Clarice, that if she weren't so wound up in her women's club and things, we could—"

"Glinchy," Swan said, banging his fist on the mahogany, "I am willing to sit here and listen to Mrs. Carstairs, because she is a guest at this meeting and, in addition, has the Pipp Tower Corporation over a barrel. But I will not sit here and listen to you."

"We bought the farm," Alicia said, ignoring the interruption, "and for several months we lived so graciously we could hardly stand it. No telephones ringing. No neighbors dropping in. Nobody calling except our close friends, and they came only by appointment. But, of course, it was too good to last."

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"Surely, Mr. Glinchy, you don't think I'm an hysterical woman?"
Alicia asked.

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Worth Reporting

NEXT year, Mr. Thomas Garnett will become headmaster of Geelong Grammar School, in Victoria.

This month, Mr. Garnett flew out from England on a quick visit to the school, and we went along to meet him.

We found Geelong's new Head measuring windows in the headmaster's house. His wife, he explained, is going to make curtains ready to hang when the family arrives.

The family includes five children: Robin (12), Gerald (11), Malcolm (9), Alison (7), and Stephen (4).

"No, I won't mind at all if living at boys' school makes tomboys of my daughters," he told us. "It won't hurt them."

"You know, there's a certain boys' school in England whose headmaster deliberately takes girls of 12 for a year. It's well known that girls of that age are brighter than boys



MR. THOMAS GARNETT... he measured the windows.

—and boys loathe being beaten by girls—so it steps up class averages admirably."

Mr. Garnett hasn't any such revolutionary idea in mind for Geelong. He says, though, that he is against education following any set pattern; his aim is to bring out the best in every student. "That is, getting to know and making friends with each one individually," he explained.

"I'd say the most important part of a school's duty is to teach its students to think, and think straight."

Ann's flights of fancy

FLYING is a pleasantly quick way of getting somewhere. But it has curious effects on some people.

Film actress Ann Todd spends a good deal of time in planes, flying from one movie "location" to the next.

"Flying makes me feel like a goddess," she insists.

That's not all. It also improves her eyesight.

"I can always learn my lines so much more easily in the air," she says. "On the ground I can't read without glasses. In a plane I don't have to use them."

"I suppose it is something to do with the light."



PLAYWRIGHT BEHAN... respect for kindness, but not the law.

Philosophy of a playwright

THE satire-comedy-drama "The Hostage," by irrepressible Irish playwright Brendan Behan, is currently playing to enthusiastic audiences at Sydney's Elizabethan Theatre.

Mr. Behan did not come to Australia to launch the play here. However, he is going to New York on September 2 for the Broadway production.

His American agent, Abner Klipstein, asked Behan for a brief description of "The Hostage."

He got the following reply: "I respect kindness in human beings, first of all, and kindness to animals."

"I don't respect the law; I have a total irreverence for anything connected with society, except that which makes the roads safer, the beer stronger, the food cheaper, and old men and women warmer in winter and happier in the summer."

Which may not explain the play. But it does give some insight into the Behan philosophy.

You puff the petticoat up

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow the house down." That's what the big bad wolf said to the three little piggies.

Now you say, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow my petticoat up."

This is a new American idea—the "puff-and-blow" petticoat.

It has a concealed inner tube. The tube inflates to transform an ordinary frilly slip into a hooped crinoline style.



GAIL BUTTERFIELD, 4, models the "puff-and-blow" petticoat.

DESCRIBING a comic programme, an English TV publicity hand-out said: "... and also in the stud will be Mrs. Elizabeth Le whose uncle was eaten cannibals."

"Riviera" for the really young

A LONDON newspaper columnist has discovered the "scream-age Riviera."

It's at Frinton-on-Sea, Essex. And it's where all the Top Children and their nannies go while Daddie and Mummy take a well-earned rest at Monte Carlo or Nice or somewhere continent like that.

According to the columnist Frinton is a positively Victorian symbol of respectability. There are none of those nast amusement piers or ice-cream kiosks or cafes or (ugh) coachloads of holiday-makers.

Just lots of little lords and ladies and nannies.

But life for the top-drawn tots isn't always as idyllic as you might think.

The nannies are firm women, and life is planned. Keeping a firm hold on the 17-month-old charge, Lord Kenlis, Nannie Mary Mair elaborated...

"We go down to the beach in the morning. Then His Lordship has a rest before lunch, and then we go back to the beach. We have tea, then a walk, and bed."

And if it's wet? Their lordships are NOT permitted to play together in the guest-house lounge.

Instead, they are permitted to invite their friends into their rooms for a glass of milk and a plate of jelly.

Oh, the (disciplined) fun of it all.

AMERICAN actor Rose Steiger writes poetry in his spare time. Here's a sample:

Don't dig me with your downbeat conversations.
Don't dig me—
Dig—
Dig—
Dig—
And gong—
Don't dig me with your downbeat conversations.

The Compensating Factor

A complete short story
By Irena Dickman

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

MRS. PAYNE asked, "What time is George coming?"

"Oh, about now," replied Marcia, squinting down at the front of her cream shantung shirt, stitching on a loose button without taking off the shirt.

"Marcia," continued Mrs. Payne, "I wish just once you'd wear a dress, something pretty. Always shirts and skirts. It's not feminine."

"And I'm not feminine, either." Marcia clipped off the thread with care. "I feel comfortable in shirts and skirts. You'd have me in muslin frills and floppy hats."

"Not quite," said her mother with a little smile, a little wryly. "But you must admit that everything you wear is a bit—well, schoolmarmish."

Marcia fixed the gold links into her cuffs. She concentrated on it, not looking at her mother. "And what am I but a schoolmarm? How better can I dress than in keeping with my job?"

Mrs. Payne spread her hands in a slightly despairing gesture. "But Marcia, darling, you're going out to a concert, not into the class-room."

Marcia turned slightly to check her stocking-seams in the long mirror. "With George," she said, and her voice held nothing but a slight note of dismissal.

"Marcia!" said her mother. "Marcia, why won't you marry George?"

Marcia turned to the mirror, smoothing back her hair. "Oh, Mother," she said, "not again! Please not again!"

"But why not?" persisted Mrs. Payne.

Marcia sighed with exaggerated patience. "Then, once again," she said, "I don't love him."

"I wasn't in love when I married your father. And I was happy. Well, reasonably happy, anyway. Some men you don't fall in love with until after you've been married for a time. I think George is one of them."

"I don't feel disposed to find out," said Marcia. "Don't you understand, Mother?"

Not only do I not love George—I can't think of anything worse in the world than actually being in love with him."

"Really, Marcia, I just don't understand you. One would think that you planned to stay an old-maid schoolteacher all your life."

"I can think of worse things," said Marcia tartly, "and one of them is being married to George."

"Then why go out with him?" asked Mrs. Payne with a kind of desperate disapproval.

Suddenly Marcia's irritation evaporated. She leant over and kissed her mother's still pretty cheek. "Because he's like you," she said. "He gives me no peace."

The doorbell rang, and, smoothing her skirt, Marcia went out to meet George.

The concert was excellent. Marcia sat isolated in a sea of glorious sound. Once, between the movements, she glanced at George. If he had more than one facial expression, she thought, I'm not well enough attuned to spot it.

After it was over she sat motionless for a moment, trying to enfold herself in the fast-disappearing mists of music.

"Coffee?" asked George. "At the Criterion?"

He spoke as with inspiration, although they always had coffee at the Criterion after a concert.

"Of course," she said gravely, and they filed out with the rest of the crowd.

She held the same mild dislike of the Criterion as she did of all coffee lounges that were shoddy and yet held pretensions to art. It was filled with people like George and herself—schoolteachers who had been to concerts. And the coffee was never very good. She had often thought of telling

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The dancers moved around her, but Marcia, tall and slender, stood alone.



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Continuing . . . THE COMPENSATING FACTOR

from page 19

George and suggesting that they went somewhere else. But it was always heavy going to explain something intangible, like feelings, to George, and she felt that it was less trouble to drink the Criterion's bad coffee without complaint.

They got their usual table by the window.

"Look," said George. "There's Brian and Freda." He waved, unnecessarily it seemed, because the other two were already on their way over.

"Mind if we join you?" asked Brian.

"Not at all," said Marcia swiftly, brightly. She found George's company more bearable divided by three. Actually Brian and Freda could hardly be counted as two people. They were engaged, in an indivisible, all-encompassing betrothal. The whole world were outsiders. They lived in a cocoon of unconsummated love. Watching them as they sat hand in hand across the table, Marcia thought: Is that what I want—with George, or with anyone? Possession of mind, of personality, of my identity as a person? Could I stand it? Could I possibly like it, as Freda so obviously likes it?

Later, after two cups of the terrible coffee, Brian said, "How about coming up to my place? I've got some new LPs that I think you'll like, and we can have spaghetti and a bottle of Chianti."

That's what passes for Bohemia, for daring, intellectual entertainment in this tight little circle, thought Marcia. Brian, the collector of jazz-classics, of weird, untuneful folk music, is considered dangerously different because he invites six or eight people to his pocket-handkerchief-sized apartment for bad food and worse wine, and discussion of obscure philosophies that none of us understand. Oh, well, it kills an evening.

And then she thought: I'm only twenty-nine. Why should I be content to drift along, killing evenings, with people who irritate and bore me, but whom I can't dislike, because I was brought up to love my neighbor? But the Bible verse goes on to say, "Bless them that hate you." But who would hate Marcia Payne, the old maid schoolteacher? Even that would be a release. Love, hate—I do not know what it is like to be seared with any strong feeling or to want something with all my being. Even fear would fill the empty bowl of my emotions.

Later, in Brian's apartment, when she and Freda tidied up for the party, Freda said, "Are you and George engaged yet?"

Irritation ran with spider feet up Marcia's spine.

"Not now or ever," she said. "I thought I'd made that clear a hundred times."

"You used to say that about going out with him," said Freda complacently. "But you do. You know, you'll change your mind and marry him. You'll have to, because you're so right for each other." Marcia moved her head fretfully, but Freda continued, "Oh, yes, you are. You're both teachers—good ones, too. And you both like teaching. Can't you see it—the two of you running a good school somewhere?"

"No," said Marcia flatly.

"Oh, come now," Freda chided softly. "What's wrong with George? He's good looking in a mild sort of way. He dresses well. He earns good money—for a teacher. He's well qualified. He'll do better. And candidly, Marcia, I'd give my eye-teeth to have a chance at that house that he inherited from the family. Why, if the two of you couldn't start the most exclusive school right there in that house—"

"I suppose so," Marcia moved restlessly around the room.

"But, don't you see, Freda? It's all such a lovely idea—and I don't feel anything about it. Nothing at all. Maybe I'm one of the people who go through the whole of their lives and never really know what love is all about."

They went out into the living-room to join the party which was just beginning. And as Marcia crossed the threshold she fell in love completely and for the rest of her life.

The introduction was almost unheard—a perfunctory mumble from Brian, Cyprian Evans, Marcia Payne. Their glances met in a completeness, as complete as the key that at last finds the proper lock. With her hand in his, she said, ridiculously, unpredictably, "I thought you were never coming."

And ridiculously, unpredictably, he understood.

"I came as soon as I could," he said.

"You two know each other?"

George, poor blundering George, missing what everyone else had seen, missing the heavy atmosphere of miracle, the scent of raw, overwhelming instantaneous love.

"We do now," said Cyprian gravely, gently releasing Marcia's hand, and Brian, appalled, rushed in with, "Let's all have a drink, shall we?" And the party closed around them, blotting them out as they stood oblivious to anyone else but themselves.

Later, Freda, appalled, not knowing what to say, said simply, "You know he's married, don't you?"

"Yes, I know." Not knowing how she knew, but knowing in that terrible instant when she knew she loved him.

Cyprian Evans had come to teach senior English in Marcia's school. He was an exchange teacher. To Marcia, he was everywhere. His handwriting on the notice-board, his voice as he read poetry to his class; watching his head outlined against the common-room window as they politely drank tea and discussed the problems of their pupils' behaviour.

They met a few times discreetly, trying to fool themselves into thinking that they could have an intelligent, platonic friendship, defined in their minds as a friendship where the two parties could keep their emotions under control. Music took on a new meaning, art an added brilliance. They ate in little cafes run by Italian migrants, where Italian workmen ate, and the coffee was black, bitter, and wonderful.

BUT they knew all the time that it was no good, that they could not fool the world, or, more important, fool each other.

"I have to tell you about my wife," said Cyprian one evening. "She would have come with me, but our little girl was born with bilateral hip dislocation and she has her legs in plaster. It has to be changed every few months. She's getting along very well, but it's a critical time in her treatment. Later on, in about four months, they'll be joining me here."

His voice was elaborately casual, but his hands trembled. Marcia felt her skin tighten.

"Please don't tell me about her," she said. "I don't want her to become real."

"But she is real," replied Cyprian. "She is real and I am married to her. And she has to be considered."

"Yes, she has to be considered."

"She's a wonderful person, really," Cyprian did not look at her. "She's not—well, clever. But she is sweetness itself. She would do—in fact, she does do

anything and everything for me. She couldn't possibly stand alone. Some people can't."

But I can't stand alone any more, thought Marcia. I can't, and yet I will have to.

"What you're saying, in effect, is that there's no hope for—for us? That she would never divorce you?"

He took her hand and gently folded her fingers one by one.

"That I would never give her reason to," he said. "That she probably wouldn't divorce me even if I did. And that there would be no chance of happiness for either of us, even if we did. We're not the type of people to suck happiness like leeches out of innocent people."

I hate her innocence, thought Marcia. Most of all I hate her for her innocence.

"Supposing," she said, "I quoted the worst of Hollywood films and said 'It's bigger than both of us?'"

His voice was still gentle as he enclosed her folded fingers in his hand. "Then we will have to cut it down to size."

The next day Marcia went to the school principal.

"Miss Burger," she said, "I want to resign."

"Oh," she said. "Must you, my dear? After all, he's only here for a year."

They all know, she thought. "I couldn't stand it for a year," she said.

Miss Burger drummed on the desk with long, bony fingers.

Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair.

— Edmund Burke

"Some time ago," she said, "you were offered a travelling scholarship. You refused it. I believe, because your father had just died and you felt that you couldn't leave your mother. I think, if I pulled a string or two, you could still take it up."

Marcia stood looking at her feet, trying to crowd Cyprian from her mind, trying to concentrate on the places that she had always wanted to see.

"Yes," she said. "I would be grateful if you could do that."

"You haven't asked for my advice, and I doubt that it would be welcome," Miss Burger said. "But I have been a schoolteacher for a very long time, and giving advice has become an ingrained habit. In everything we experience, however bad, there is always a compensating factor. I do not know what it will be in this case, but if you look for it for yourself you will find that it will be there."

Marcia had a moment of blind, white terror as she struggled with the tears that she must not shed. As she turned and ran from the principal's office she knew how all the hunted creatures of the earth must feel in flight.

It was arranged that the scholarship should start at the end of the term. She was to fly to England on the morning after breaking-up day.

"You can miss the Break-up Ball," said her mother. "You can say that you are too busy packing."

"I'll go to the ball," said Marcia. "After all, even if I'm running away, I can retreat in good order. I'm coming back here in eighteen months, don't forget. I'll not have them remember me as a coward."

Besides, there was some idea in her mind of a fitting ending, a splendid conclusion, so that she could say afterwards: "On this day it ended—this love affair that never really began."

She bought a new dress, tell-

ing herself that she needed it for the trip. Cut as slender as a willow, in golden satin, with topaz set in her ears, around her neck, and on her wrist. She piled her hair high, wanting suddenly to be tall, to be above the petty whispering that floated around her ears.

They were dancing in the Assembly Hall when she arrived. She stood for a moment pulling herself up to her full height, and then she walked slowly down the stairs towards the dancers. It seemed to her that she did not move, and yet she progressed with slow, stately grace. Music drummed in her ears, and below she could see Cyprian waiting for her. Cyprian's face, backed by the black-and-white of anonymous men, the bright colors of unnamed women. As she reached the bottom step she heard someone say, "Well!" in an awed, shocked kind of way, and someone else, a man, George, perhaps, say, "Hook, line, and sinker."

THERE was a little shocked silence, and then someone hissed, "Be quiet. Don't you ever understand anything?" Then Marcia knew that they understood, and that their hearts bled for her, just as hers bled for herself.

Cyprian took her hand, and she stepped on to the floor. He put his arm around her waist, he who had never held her, holding her now in the full view of hundreds of people. It was like something set on a stage, a dance of farewell in a ballet suite, none of it real, none of it actually happening.

At the end of the dance he led her to a chair at the edge of the floor. He gave a grave little bow, and for a second their eyes met. Then he turned and went back to the others, asking Miss Burger for the next dance, steering her austere, flowered-chiffon bulk among the moving figures. Marcia stood for a moment with her back pressed against the cool panelled wall. Then she, too, turned and walked away. Away from the people, the dancing, and the music, walking slowly, and very tall. Small, trivial things impinged themselves against her senses. The swish of her dress as she walked. The fact that her earrings hurt. The suspicion that she had laddered a stocking. Don't look back. It's all over. Don't look back. Walk, don't run, to the nearest exit.

The plane left early the next morning. He was not there at the bus station, at the airport. She could trust him not to be. As the plane soared over the rooftops she thought, "Beneath one of them he is asleep. Or not asleep."

She tried to pick out the house, but could not recognise it. For a moment she was overcome, pressing trembling fingers to her face, praying, "Oh, let the time pass quickly. Whirl on the calendar until the time when it doesn't hurt so much, when I can think of other things without conscious effort, when the sun warms me again, when I am glad to be alive."

She remembered Miss Burger's words, remembered about the compensating factor that was to be found in everything that ever happened. Suddenly she laughed, and the laugh was as dry as dried-up seeds rattling in a desiccated pod. And even after the laugh died she still shook with it silently, her trembling hand before her trembling mouth.

"At least," she said to herself. "At least no one ever again will nag at me to marry George."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1960

Romantic ending
to our bright,
amusing serial

By
Anne
Telscombe

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD

Miss Bagshot goes to Moscow

SIR REGINALD accepted the situation philosophically. There was nothing Sir Reginald liked better than a crisis, and now that it required decisive action he was enjoying the whole of the Bagshot affair hugely.

"Smart fellow, that Ferguson," he said. "We've been lucky to keep it from all these correspondents as long as we have."

Sir Reginald was so far quite pleased with his Bagshot negotiations. He had gained a tactical advantage for the Embassy by informing the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs of her whereabouts several hours before reports from the militiamen stationed outside Jackie's block confirmed his statement. He had followed this up by making out a convincing case for packing Miss Bagshot off home without further publicity. Both Governments, he said, could easily be made into laughing-stocks if the simple facts of Miss Bagshot's cold were published in the Press.

Sir Reginald had no doubt that, after a suitable period for conferences and deliberations, the Soviet officials would agree with his sensible arguments. His main purpose now was to prevent Miss Bagshot or the Napier family from giving any unauthorised interview to the Press and to despatch her back to England at the earliest opportunity.

"You can tell the Consul to put in for her exit visa this morning. And the day after tomorrow, at the latest, she should be on a plane for London. If young Ferguson keeps his news to himself until it appears in the 'Guardian,' that will leave only one day for the correspondents to be really troublesome. But you'd better phone up that flat of yours and warn Miss Bagshot to open the door to nobody until you come home for lunch."

Sir Reginald turned back to his "In" tray and pulled another sheaf of papers towards him, dismissing his secretary with the forbidding look which most of his staff had learnt to interpret as a danger signal.

But Jackie plunged recklessly into an account which she was forced to abandon half-way through as it became inextricably mixed up with churches, sincerity, balalaikas, the riddle of Russia, the kindness of simple people, and the determination of Miss Bagshot. Sir Reginald, however, had somehow managed to disentangle the main thread and follow it through the weaving pattern of Jackie's hazy explanations.

"Humph," he grunted when at last she paused for breath. "So now Miss Bagshot fancies herself as a sociologist! She wants to spend three months with a Russian family and be able to solve the world's problems. Three months—she wouldn't do it in three years. The longer one stays in this country, the more often one changes one's opinions."

Toby was whimpering and scratching at the door and Sir Reginald stumped across and let him in. He bent down and patted him absently and Toby licked his hand with a senile but benevolent display of affection. As Jackie had often observed, the relations between master and dog were always unpredictable.

"Tell me," demanded Sir Reginald, straightening up and apparently reaching a sudden decision. "What exactly is Miss Bagshot like? Would there be any point in my seeing her at this stage—or is she quite unreasonable?"

"There might," Jackie said cautiously. "No, I don't think she's at all unreasonable. Her opinions are full of commonsense, when you realise how she arrived at them on her own. But they're always her own opinions—she

doesn't borrow anything from other people."

"I see," said Sir Reginald, although Jackie doubted that he did. "She was probably prepared to believe that the world was square until she went round it for herself?"

"Exactly—and then, too, she does the most extraordinary things in the most ordinary way imaginable."

"Humph," said Sir Reginald again. "I doubt that my opinions would carry much weight in that case. And, of course, if the Embassy has any official contact with her, the entire Press corps will immediately arrive on your doorstep. But I suppose it's worth trying. We might just get away with it if I come to your flat rather than bringing her down to the Embassy."

As Jackie sped through the Moscow streets beside Sir Reginald in the Rolls, she reflected that it was rather like taking the irresistible force to meet the immovable object. To her knowledge, the Ambassador had never yet been proved wrong in an argument, nor had Miss Bagshot ever been convinced by one. Jackie was quite certain she had been right to encourage their meeting, but she was a little apprehensive of the outcome.

However, her expectations of blood and thunder did not materialise. They found Humphrey with Miss Bagshot, hopelessly repeating his arguments and only too eager to surrender his place to the Ambassador. After introductions had been performed, Jackie and Humphrey retired to the kitchen and waited with increasing trepidation for the sounds of battle to commence.

Except for a long peal of the doorbell, which heralded Stewart Ferguson's arrival, a short argument with Jackie followed by the brisk closing of the door, there was a long half-hour of uneasy silence in the tiny hallway.

When at last the Ambassador emerged, he and Miss Bagshot took polite leave of each other. Sir Reginald did not look exactly jubilant—nor did he seem completely defeated.

"You must remember, Miss Bagshot, that I've done my share of travelling, too," he was saying as he opened the door into the hall. "So think it over for a few days. It sounds very interesting and adventurous to live in a church with simple, kindly people, but, you know, it becomes rather uncomfortable after a while without modern conveniences—especially at our age. Pack of romantic nonsense, y'know."

"But you're quite wrong," retorted Miss Bagshot. "It's only when one is quite uncomfortable that the real traveller begins to enjoy it. I told you about my year in the African jungle, didn't I? That was one of the happiest periods of my travels."

"Perhaps you're right. I hope so for your sake," said Sir Reginald, giving Miss Bagshot one of his rare smiles. "Let me know if you change your mind. Miss Marsh had best stay here with you for today. No, don't come to the door with me. I'm sure there are several correspondents there already."

Stewart Ferguson had, indeed, been reinforced by three of his colleagues. He was vainly trying to put them off the scent when the Ambassador emerged on to the staircase.

"No comment," grunted Sir Reginald over his shoulder as he passed them and moved on down the stairs, without pausing or looking behind him. The correspondents stood in an irresolute group by the door which Sir Reginald had pulled firmly shut behind him, undecided whether to wait outside the flat for further developments or to follow the Ambassador and pester him for a statement.



Jackie waited quietly while Humphrey reached up and carefully lifted Miss Bagshot down from the window-sill.

But Sir Reginald's brusque "No comment" had been so definite that, in the end, they rang the doorbell several times and then settled down for a long siege on the staircase.

As though drawn by some magnetic sixth sense to the source of a news story, correspondents continued to arrive on Jackie's doorstep. By lunchtime they were dotted all over the staircase. Not all of them knew why they had come. Most of them had heard, with the strange telegraphic speed in which a rumor immediately became broadcast all over Moscow, that the British Ambassador had called during the morning and spent half an hour interviewing somebody in the flat.

This was unusual enough to excite suspicion and, once they had arrived on the scene, the sea of familiar Press faces which greeted them sufficiently confirmed their suspicions to make them decide to stay.

Only Stewart Ferguson knew for certain that Miss Bagshot was in the flat and this information he carefully camouflaged by a series of ingenious stories—each one more improbable than the last.

"It's quite a tragic case," he said, shaking his head mournfully at the early arrivals. "All the bathrooms in these flats are fitted with rather antiquated gas geysers. And when

Miss Marsh, the Ambassador's secretary, was running her bath this morning, the whole thing suddenly blew up.

"I hear she lay there unconscious for several hours. When she finally managed to struggle back to her senses and crawl along the passage, she fainted again at the telephone. Fortunately, about that time, they phoned from the Embassy to find out why she was late for work, and she regained consciousness long enough to whisper a message."

"If you'd been here when I first came you would have seen the three Russian specialists arrive from the polyclinic. One of them is still there, fighting for her life. I expect the ambulance will be sent as soon as she's strong enough to be moved to hospital."

Stewart related all this in the most lugubrious and plausible of tones but, carried away by the effect he seemed to be having on his listeners, he could not resist adding a few less convincing details.

"Naturally Sir Reginald is very upset by the whole incident. Miss Marsh has been with him for years; and here, in Moscow, thousands of miles from her home and family, he stands, as it were, in loco parentis. I gather

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DAFFODIL



Australia's Luxury Spread at the Margarine Price

MOMENT OF DEPARTURE

A short short story

By Margaret Avon

WHEN you're seven years old and your father was the bridegroom, the only really nice things about the wedding, thought Tim Macenzie forlornly, were the deep, glorious booming of the organ in church and the sugar-icing.

But he could not find any words that could express the solitariness and the fear engulfing him.

He picked up his latest model plane and went slowly down the stairs and into the study to wait there, as he had been bidden, in his father and his pretty, gay, new mother.

He knelt on one of the bright red cushions on the window-seat and remembered how he had looked forward to the wedding. It was going to be like a birthday party or a Christmas party — only much bigger and better.

Then, when it was all over, the three of them would go home together from the hotel where the reception was to be held. From that very moment they'd be a family. He would be like other boys.

But it was not going to be quite like that and he wanted to fight, to hit out at something, somebody, just as he'd done months ago when the chaps at school teased him about his red hair and asked why he hadn't got a mother.

"I'll show you," he'd told them fiercely, punching noses right and left with relish. The chaps had been his friends ever since. Today, no one had teased him or asked him silly questions, yet his fists ached just as they had done then.

On an impulse, he jumped down from the perch by the window, walked across the blue carpet and leant against the grand old leg of what everyone called the grand piano.

Tim agreed with the name. He'd always thought it the grandest piano in the world. His own mother had played every day and others like it, to thousands of people all over the world — until she went to heaven.

He had never been allowed to touch it. His father said "No" so often that Tim had given up asking him long ago.

He thought now that if only he could sit on that long stool and try to find the notes of the wonderful music he'd heard in church, perhaps he would feel better. It welled up from somewhere deep within him. Tum-tum-te-tum, tum-tum-te-tum.

He stiffened then, hearing his father's deep voice. They were coming. He straightened up as the door opened, and his new mother, Jill, came in. She sat down opposite him.

Your father won't be a moment, Tim. He is just putting the things in the car," she told him. "Grannie and Grandpa are getting ready to take you to the circus."

"Yes," he said, and added politely, "it will be very nice."

"Do you remember the circus we went to that day you gave me a black eye?" Jill asked him with a smile.

"Yes." Most people, specially grown-ups, he thought, would have been hopping mad if they had been hit in the eye by a small boy's football while sitting in the park reading. But Jill had only laughed.

"Don't worry," she told him. "I know it was an accident." Still, he was thankful that day his father was a doctor and could look after Jill. What fun they had afterwards! A cup of tea and a visit to the circus.

"You were such a sport," he stammered. "And that's just what you've been." Tim jumped and turned round. He hadn't heard his father come in. "You know, son, when you gave Jill that black eye you gave us both a wonderful present."

That's why we have been trying so hard to think up the most wonderful honeymoon present for you. Something you wanted more than anything in the world," Jill told him. "Honeymoon present?" Tim gasped, uncertainly. He noticed then that Jill had in her hand a very thin square parcel wrapped up in silver paper. Well, there could not be anything very exciting in that, he thought, not a new rabbit for instance, or even a model plane.

"Ha!" His father came and sat on the other side of him.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1960



Tim's father leant over him lovingly as he sat on the piano stool holding the little box in his hands.

"Perhaps you didn't know that the son of the bridegroom always has a specially wonderful present. But it is not given to him until just before his father and new mother go away for the honeymoon."

"Because, you see, it is the first time in all their lives that his father has gone away on holiday without his son. But it isn't really goodbye, Tim. After the honeymoon," Jill said confidently, "the three of them always go together."

So they knew, Tim thought. They'd known all the time how he hated the honeymoon.

His father took him up in his arms and sat him in the middle of the stool, facing the piano, and Jill slipped the box into his hands. Mechanically, Tim pulled away the silver paper and lifted the lid of the small box. Wonderingly, he lifted out the small key lying on the cotton-wool.

And then suddenly he knew!

"Is it . . . is it . . . ?" he began.

"Yes, it's the key to the piano. Jill said she was sure that you'd like the piano for part of your honeymoon present, more than anything."

"P—part of?" Tim asked.

"Well, yes," Jill told him. "If you have a piano, you have to learn how to play it, haven't you?"

"You mean, really and truly?"

"Yes. Really and truly."

Tim fitted the key in the lock and turned it. He listened in a haze of ecstasy while they explained that the man who played the music in church also taught people to play the piano. He wanted to teach Tim. In fact, he was going to give him the first lesson today.

Tim's eyes glowed. Incredibly, he didn't want to fight anybody any more. Even more incredibly, because he was so happy, he wanted to cry.

"It's the wonderfulest present on earth," he whispered.

He felt two kisses on the top of his head. Then reverently he opened the piano. Lost to the world he stroked the keys, lovingly and with infinite hope in his eyes.

It was a long time before he knew that the dreaded moment of departure had come and gone without his knowing it. By then it didn't matter. For his imagination was soaring skywards, dreaming of the music he would play, of the moment of return.

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Continuing . . .

THE LITTLE LADY AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

from page 17

"What happened?" V.K. inquired. He was getting a little interested himself.

"A subdivision. All of a sudden there were bulldozers rooting around across the road and some more snorting through the fields to the east and west of us, and before you could say 'Gracious country living' we were back in the suburbs."

"I'll bet you made a tidy little profit out of your thirty acres," V.K. said. This woman didn't make much sense, but you never could tell. Sometimes the shrewd ones seemed the stupidest.

"Oh, we made money, all right. We held out for a while, but developers kept banging on the door wanting to buy, and the new neighbors kept banging on the door, and pretty soon Bert was a member of the Rural-Living Rose-Growers' Association, which met constantly, and I was mixed up in the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts, the P.T.A., and—"

"B.W.A.?" Glinchy suggested.

"G.W.A. this time. Bert was persuaded by evil neighborhood companions to learn golf. So one day I locked myself in the bathroom and stood looking in the mirror—"

"There's one thing I don't understand about this," Hammond said. He had been brooding morosely. "How come you keep locking yourself in the bathroom and looking in the mirror?"

"I see you haven't lived in the suburbs," Alicia said. "If you had you'd know that's the only place you can be alone. Anyway, I asked myself if this was my idea of gracious living, and I told myself no, it wasn't. So pretty soon we began looking for a bigger farm, farther out. We thought if we got it big enough nobody could crowd us, and if it was so far out that Bert spent most of his time commuting, the suburbs would quit chasing us and let us alone."

"And you bought one?" V.K. asked.

"We bought one. Ninety acres, with an old house that looked as if it would be a lot of fun to fix up."

"Did you finally have privacy?" Glinchy demanded.

"We certainly did. Even our friends couldn't drop in any more. None of them could find us. No meetings. No neighbors. No golf. No bridge."

"Bravo!" Glinchy cried.

"But it didn't work out," Alicia said.

"Not another subdivision?" V.K. demanded.

"No. It was a highway. Four lanes. With the left one scheduled to go right through our living-room."

"Aha!" V.K. said. If a man waited long enough in a deal like this there was always an opening. He seized it. "You mentioned that it is possible to move houses. Why didn't you just jack up your house and move it out of the right of way, the way you want us to move the Pipp Tower?"

"Oh, we thought of that. But a clover-leaf intersection was planned for where our house was, and by the time the land had been broken up with all the main roads and access roads and turnoffs, not to mention the highway itself, there wasn't a decent building site left that wouldn't be right among the motels and restaurants and filling stations and things that were following the road crews. So, while the bulldozers were approaching I locked myself in the bathroom and stood looking in the mirror and asking myself if there wasn't some place

in the world where we could fulfil our dream and live graciously."

"I'm going to try that myself," Glinchy said. "The next time Clarice starts hounding me about something, I'm going to lock myself in and look in the mirror and—"

"Shut up!" V.K. shouted. "It's bad enough to put up with hysterical women, Glinchy, without—"

"I beg your pardon," Alicia stood up. "I do not regard myself as an hysterical woman. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Now, wait a minute," V.K. heaved himself out of his chair and trotted around to her. "You can't just walk out on us, madam."

"I didn't come here to be called a hysterical woman. I

far, and I wouldn't ask him to. So I kept thinking and thinking, standing there in front of the mirror, and finally I figured out the answer."

"The city?" Glinchy cried.

"Exactly. I remembered something my mother always said."

"Never trust a man with a moustache?" Glinchy asked eagerly. "My mother used to say that. My father finally shaved his off, but she said it was too late then."

"I rather like a man with a small moustache myself," Alicia said. "Not a big bushy one, but a neat one. Like yours. I wish you'd help me persuade Bert to grow one."

"It isn't really very difficult. You just stop shaving your upper lip. That is, I don't mean you, Mrs. Carstairs—"

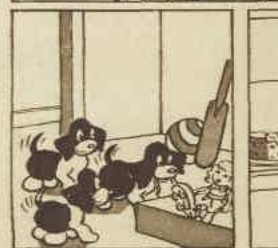
"Call me Alicia, Everett."

"I mean Bert stops shaving

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Shuff & Tuff

by TIM



was just trying to explain how it all happened; but if you're not interested, there's no need to continue. Just move your building eighteen inches to the left. Otherwise, I'll see you in court."

"But we can't move it. Don't you understand? We can't."

"Well, it's on my property, and there won't be room for our ranch house unless you do."

V.K. flung his arms aloft and sank into the nearest chair.

Alicia turned her back on him. She smiled at Glinchy. "At least you're a gentleman. Mr. Glinchy. You don't think I'm an hysterical woman, do you?"

"I certainly don't. Everything you've said has made sense to me."

"It would," V.K. muttered. He turned to Alicia. "I demand that you stay and continue the discussion."

"I'm sorry. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Glinchy," V.K. said, "you seem to be operating on the same wave-length as this young lady. Suppose you ask her."

"Would you stay if I asked you?" Glinchy inquired.

"I might. If you're really interested."

"I am. I want to find out what you did when those bulldozers came snorting over the hill."

Alicia sat down. "Well, at first I couldn't think what to do. There seemed to be no place left, unless we took a boat for Bali. And I knew I'd never talk Bert into that."

"I wouldn't be too sure," V.K. muttered. "It sounds to me like old Bert does pretty much what you want."

"He wouldn't commute that

his, Alicia. And pretty soon there it is."

"Well, why don't you drop over some night for dinner? Maybe you can help me talk Bert into growing one."

Kapp, the attorney, put his hand on V.K.'s arm. "I want you to remember this," he said. "The bill for my part of the negotiations may seem a little high, but I want you to note how things go. You start in talking about real estate, and you wind up talking about moustaches. It's just like with my wife. You begin a sensible conversation about running up charge accounts all over town, and before you know it you're trying to explain why you bought a velvet smoking jacket in the winter of 'thirtynine. It takes something out of a man, dealing with a woman."

"I'm not interested in your troubles with Mrs. Kapp," V.K. said. "I'm not interested in Glinchy's troubles with Mrs. Glinchy. I'm not even interested in Bert's moustache."

"He doesn't have a moustache," Alicia said patiently. "That's the point. If Everett would come around—"

"I'm not interested in that either," V.K. shouted. "What I'm interested in is working out an arrangement to buy the eighteen inches of land you own that seems to be occupied by the Pipp Tower through the crass stupidity and incompetence of some of the people who work for me. Now, where in the world were we before we got off the subject?"

"Alicia was looking in the mirror, remembering what her mother used to say," Glinchy said.

"I'm glad somebody can keep track of the situation. Glinchy, maybe you're not quite as—but never mind."

What did your mother always say, Mrs. Carstairs?"

"She always said that if you wanted real privacy, the only place to find it was in a crowd. And so I asked Bert, 'Where is it the most crowded around here?' and he said, 'In County Stadium when the Braves are playing the Cubs,' and I said, 'No, be serious,' and he said—"

"I guess I could retire," V.K. told himself aloud. "I've got enough stashed away to quit and go south and just lie on the sand."

"I think that might be a good idea," Alicia told him. "I didn't want to mention it, but it isn't healthy for a man your age to get so excited over nothing. Your face keeps getting red. Your blood pressure—"

"I had the finest blood pressure in Milwaukee until you walked into this room. Now, where were we, exactly?"

"The Braves were playing the Cubs," Glinchy suggested.

"Of course. The Braves were—No, no, that wasn't it at all. It was something about being alone in a crowd, which makes about as much sense as what's been happening here."

"But it makes a great deal of sense, Mr. Swan," Alicia told him. "Bert couldn't see it at first, either, but I kept explaining it and explaining it, and finally he said, 'Oh, go ahead.'"

"If I do quit and go south, I'm taking Bert with me," Swan said. "The poor guy needs the rest more than I. And so you picked out the lot next to the Pipp Tower and decided to put a ranch house on it?"

"Not exactly. You didn't have your old tower built then. It was only part way up, so naturally I didn't have any notion you were going to spread it all over my property, and by the time I noticed what you were doing, the foreman wouldn't change it. I asked him to several times, but he wouldn't."

"I would like to ask one question," Swan's voice was getting hoarse. "How can you afford this?"

"Oh, we had lots of money. We made quite a bit when they bought that first farm of ours for the subdivision, and when we sold the second one, the price was pretty high, especially after I'd gone to Madison and talked with the highway-department boys. I had to go several times and talk to them, but after a while they said they'd give me anything I asked."

"To get rid of you?"

"That's exactly the way the man put it. I didn't think it was very friendly of him, but I took the cheque, anyway."

"I'll bet you did. Madam. I have dealt with some shrewd operators in my time, dealt with them man to man, and always come away with my shirt and sometimes their shirts, too. But never, in forty-three years of business experience, have I dealt with anyone like you."

"Yes, isn't she wonderful?" Glinchy asked. "I vote we move the tower and—"

"You're out of order!" V.K. turned to the lawyer. "Are you sure there aren't restrictions against building a ranch house downtown?"

"None."

"What's the matter with the aldermen? We pay enough taxes."

"Nobody ever expected the question to come up. And naturally, under the precedent set in the case of Pipporn versus O'Hara, once the plans have been filed—"

"Listen, Kapp, if you spent more time hunting for loopholes instead of precedents, we wouldn't be in this fix. Anybody can find precedents. What we pay you for is loopholes."

"V.K., Hammond interposed, 'we're looking at this the wrong way. Obviously this woman does not intend to build a ranch house here. No one has ever built a ranch house in

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• This beautiful view across the Canning River to the Darling Ranges greets two artists every morning from the upper-level bedrooms. At left, Heather McSwain. Marjorie Loats is nursing their Siamese cat, Skit.



• Set on a steeply sloping hill sweeping down to the Canning River, the modern house seems to be suspended in the air among the native trees and bush foliage.

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

• From the modern kitchen a door leads to laundry, shower recess, and extra room. Marjorie Loats' mother handcarved the cabinet, chest, and mirror-frame in the hall.

A UNIQUE and charming split-level house at Salter Point, Perth, is the home of Victorian-born artists Heather McSwain and Marjorie Loats.

The house is perched atop a half-acre block which slopes steeply through banksia and other native trees to the banks of the Canning River.

The inside living-area, both upstairs and down, is in one big room.

The hall, living-room, kitchen, and the two upstairs bedrooms share a common sloping ceiling of local knotted pine.

The upstairs bedrooms are divided by a long wardrobe, half of which opens into one room and half into the other.

The end of the wardrobe, facing the downstairs living-room, is disguised by a three-dimensional design painted by Heather.

The bedrooms can be screened from the living-room by full-length curtains of bold black-and-white stripes.

Heather and Marjorie did the interior tiling, painted all the walls, and built the garden wall and garden carport.

The house is decorated with sculptured figures and pottery by Heather, hand-beaten copper and portraits by Marjorie, beautiful wood carvings by Marjorie's mother.

Heather, who works at home in a garden studio, plans to hold an exhibition of her works at the house.

Pictures by Owen Williams.



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Showered with Showers

JUST how much is one expected to "fork out" in the name of friendship these days? A friend has just received her ninth invitation to a pre-wedding shower for the one lass. To me this seems to be a cheap way to obtain a glory box. No one begrudges a costly wedding present, and in the days when a kitchen tea was the thing everyone was happy to part up for the little bride. But today we've reached the limit. Finances and patience are exhausted and everyone is relieved when the happy couple depart on their well-laden way.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Haywood, Hobart.

An all-nation wedding

CAN anyone beat my international wedding I had a month ago? I am English, my fiancé Italian, best man Swiss, bridesmaid Dutch, and flower-girl Australian.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Giandominico, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

There's a needle in her arm

I RAN a sewing needle into my arm over 30 years ago and, although my doctor operated, he failed to remove it. Can any other readers lay claim to a needle inside them?

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Cazaly, Baxter, Vic.

Reporting a thief

THE action of Mrs. N. Grabbe (Qld.) in not reporting a woman she saw shoplifting was one of misplaced kindness — unfair to the shop, the general public, and, in the long run, to the thief herself.

£1/1/- to Mr. F. Dixon, Auburn, Vic.

MRS. GRABBE was right to remain silent. I know people who have called an assistant immediately and had the person stealing searched, but they said the hideous embarrassment of it all was something they'll never forget.

£1/1/- to C. E. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

IN my opinion Mrs. Grabbe did the right thing. Prevention of shoplifting is a job for the shop detective. Remember — Silence is Golden.

£1/1/- to "Do as you would be done by" (name supplied), Wayville, S.A.

EVEN though one doesn't like the idea of "putting them in," not to do so will only lead the shoplifter into thinking if she can get away with it once why not again. A discreet word to the saleswoman would do.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Badford, Rockhampton, Qld.

A sticky way to beauty

HONEY has been my beauty aid for many years. I eat it in every possible way and it acts as a laxative. I have it in my tea, coffee, or cocoa, in milk or a fruit drink. I put it on my breakfast food, in stewed fruit, junket, and milk puddings. I rub it into my face, neck, and arms — leave it for 10 minutes — then wash it off in warm water. It cleans and softens the skin. I rub it into my hair before shampooing and smear it on burns. Honey keeps my skin soft and hands smooth. My husband uses honey to season a new pipe and treat an old one when it becomes too strong.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Webber, Toowoong, Qld.

Non-U on the telephone

I'VE come to the sad conclusion Australian women lack good manners. I'm an Australian woman, but many of my Australian acquaintances, whom I've known for years, still announce themselves over the telephone as Mrs. or Miss So-and-so. Overseas women, especially the Scots, always say "Jane So-and-so speaking," even though we are not on Christian-name terms. Are Australian schools or parents to blame for this show of bad taste?

£1/1/- to "A.W." (name supplied), Seaford, Vic.

She'd ban international sport

IF I were able I would do away with all international sport — the Olympics, Test matches, tennis, etc. Such sport makes for too much ill-feeling between nations. The word "sport" has lost its meaning; nowadays the only important thing is to win at all costs. These contests have become an undignified scramble for medals, trophies, kudos, or large sums of money. The participants are no longer persons, but slaves, pawns in the hands of trainers or promoters. How wonderful it would be if they all rebelled and refused to take it any longer.

£1/1/- to P. Marsden, Artarmon, N.S.W.

Why be shy about it?

MOST men read the magazines their wives buy, but why won't they admit it? Dad was caught reading the "Weekly" when his friend called. Turning red, Dad apologised, claiming he was just reading Mandrake. His friend announced he never missed that page. But when a discussion began about other sections of the magazine, they knew all about them and joined in with their opinions. Although they both emphatically state they never read women's magazines, they're the first to complain if the magazines arrive late. Women aren't ashamed to read men's magazines, so why this attitude?

£1/1/- to Miss C. Ashley, Atherton, Qld.

but
I'm
not
dressed!



I haven't
put on my
Cutex
nail polish



How could any woman go without it? Cutex nail polish is the smartest coat you wear. Use it to accent your costume in a brilliant, clear red — or choose it to blend quietly in a softer, pinker tone. Lasting colour, that resists chipping and peeling for days and days.

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NAIL POLISH

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Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife and I were taking our new baby for a walk in her pram when we met Mrs. Orpington.

"May I see the baby?" she asked politely.

She looked into the pram and we waited for one of the kind remarks that people make about babies.

But none came. Mrs. Orpington smiled in an enigmatic way and said nothing.

We bade goodbye to her rather coolly. She had broken one of the first rules of etiquette for meeting a baby — say something.

I admit there are difficulties in talking to, or about, a very young baby. They are usually asleep, and may look disgruntled.

Senior babies that can sit up and smile are better as conversation-starters.

Just the same, when you meet a brand-new baby some sort of compliment is expected.

If the baby has hair, express amazement at the quantity of it. You should add, too: "I hope it keeps its color."

BABY TALK

Sometimes peerers are tongue-tied because they do not know whether the baby is a boy or a girl.

If you are in this situation and are groping for the right pronoun, be careful not to say "it." Parents resent this. They think their baby



looks obviously feminine or masculine, as the case may be.

The safest course is just to call it a baby. "Well, you are a fine baby!" is a sound, neutral sort of remark.

A serious mistake is to admire the pram or the blankets instead of the baby. My wife has never forgotten

her old schoolfriend who said, on seeing our first baby: "What a beautiful pram!" It is O.K. to throw in a kind word about the pram later on, but not first.

As for recognising family likenesses in the baby, my advice is don't. It is asking for trouble. You may be right in saying, "He has his father's nose," but you will get no thanks if his father has an ugly nose.

Here are some more comments that should be avoided by a tactful baby-peerer:

(To a mother who has several other children) "And how many is that now, Mrs. Dawkins?"

(To an elder brother or sister of the baby) "I suppose this will put your nose out of joint."

(On hearing the baby's name) "It's very unusual, isn't it?"

Above all, don't say to the mother: "You'll have your work cut out now." She will, but does not like being reminded of it.

You can be a successful and popular baby-peerer with a little effort, but only if you remember the main rule of the business: Just rave and you can't go wrong.



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UNDERARM GUSSETS



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Munsingwear (U.S.A.). The arm cuffs are always neat-fitting ... no flapping when you're putting on the green. Extra tail length prevents ride-up. The collar is hard-wearing rib-knit. The cool, absorbent honeycomb mesh fabric is long-wearing, endlessly washable.

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DRESS SENSE

By

Betty Keep



● A pattern for this design is available in response to many requests from readers. The dress was originally published in color in our August 10 spring fashion issue. Details and how to order are given at right.

DS422. — Short dance-dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 7½ yds. 36 in. material or 4½ yds. machine-pleated fabric and 1½ yds. plain material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HERE are other queries and answers chosen from this week's fashion mail:

"Could you please advise me about a spring suit? I have bought some lilac silk linen and now wonder if the shade is correct. I usually wear blue tones."

Lilac is a very fashionable color, and personally I think it is a good idea to wear a shade outside your usual color range. One of the most popular suit designs for spring is a short collarless jacket and easy-cut skirt.

WOULD you be kind enough to tell me some of the newest points in summer fashions?"

A good number of summer dresses are sleeveless. Equally popular are the princess-line, the long-torso line, the dress with pleats, and one with bias-flared fullness. Summer suits mainly have short, neat jackets. Another popular trend is the tunic or overblouse. This comes in all lengths and is worn with a slender skirt.

I WANT to combine a sleeveless white cotton top with some sort of skirt to wear playing tennis. Do you think this idea would make a satisfactory tennis outfit?"

Yes, I do. The skirt should be white, thigh-length, and either flared or knife-pleated.

AFTER a short amount of wear my skirts develop a sag at the back. Is there anything that can be done to prevent this fault?"

A lining will help retain the shape of a skirt and keep it from sagging.

"I WISH to make a semi-formal dinner frock for a very special occasion. We suffer from very hot weather up here, and fabrics that launder are best. This being the case, I wondered if a cotton fabric would be suitable."

Cotton would be a good choice. The newest cottons come in a wide variety of weaves and textures and in a superb color range. Numbers of this season's cotton prints are patterned as extravagantly as silk. I suggest one in this category for your dress.

"PLEASE help me with a little problem. I am having a new party frock made in printed chiffon, but don't care for floral. What other type of print would look correct?"

A coin spot. Black dots on white are currently popular. Equally attractive is a white spot on a pastel ground.

"COULD you advise me about suitable dressing for a 9-to-5 office job? The clothes I am needing are for summer."

Don't overdress; a casual chic look is the correct look for a girl with a 9-to-5 job. Matched separates, a shirtmaker dress, and a front-buttoned coat-dress are the designs I recommend to help achieve this look.

The fabric choice is important. Drip-dry, wrinkle-free cottons will save hours of labor.

Don't wear over-elaborate jewellery and shoes or a too-low bodice-top. Do wear a color that really becomes you. This means practically any pastel.

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Page 31

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Continuing . . .

THE LITTLE LADY AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

from page 26

the middle of the downtown district. This is simply a scheme to force us to pay her price. Allowing her to think that we accept her statements at face value merely confuses the issue." He turned to Alicia. "Let's put our cards face up. What do you want from us?"

She looked around the table at all the masculine faces. With the exception of that nice man Glinchy, none showed any sign of comprehending plain feminine commonsense even when it walked in and sat down. She sighed. It was a nuisance, but she'd just have to go over it all again, the way she did with Bert, until finally they grasped it. "I might as well start at the beginning. We were living in the Heights, with all the commotion and doorbells ringing and telephones jangling, and finally I locked myself in and looked in the mirror and—"

V.K. leaped to his feet and began pacing the floor. "No! I can't stand it. Hammond, you take over."

"Mrs. Carstairs," Hammond said soothingly, "we are all reasonable businessmen. We understand that all's fair in love and real estate. You have us, as V.K. so aptly put it, over a barrel. Now, obviously you are not going to build a ranch house here, but that doesn't matter. What matters is how much you will accept for the eighteen-inch strip of land. Name your figure."

"I keep telling you and telling you," Alicia said. "I don't want to sell. All I want is for you to get your tower off my property."

HAMMOND glanced desperately around the table. "I give up," he said. Everyone carefully avoided his eye, except Glinchy, who was beaming. "Everett, you take over."

"Me?"
"I know it's a desperate step entrusting this to you, but I have no choice. You two seem to understand each other. Pull us out of this and you can name your own reward."

"Anything?"
"Anything I am authorised to give away."

"My own key to the executives' washroom, like the other directors?"

"Well, now, Glinchy, that's supposed to require a two-thirds vote of the board. But yes, I'll see that you get one."

"And a mirror of my own?"
"Two of them if you want. Only don't let us down."

Glinchy sat up straight. His face became set and hard. "Alicia, I am a businessman. And I am going to make you a business proposition."

Alicia giggled. She apologised at once, but she just couldn't help it, she told him. He reminded her so much of Bert when he was trying to be firm with her.

"We have reached an impasse," Glinchy went on, trying to ignore the remark, "and it is time to see where we stand. You want a place to live in the middle of town, where there won't be any neighbors dropping in to borrow sugar and where there's a minimum chance of finding yourself trapped by an unexpected subdivision development. Right?"

"Very well put. I knew you understood, Everett."
"And we want our building. We could, of course, shave off

eighteen inches of the tower to bring it back to our own property line." V.K. had clapped one hand over his eyes. Hammond was shaking his head hopelessly. "But that would be difficult, not to say expensive. So I would suggest you build your house eighteen inches smaller."

"I can't. I want three bedrooms, a family room, a dining nook, and—"

Glinchy raised his hand. "I accept your word that a smaller house is not the answer. I am a family man. I know that when a woman has her heart set on something there's no use arguing. That has been the secret of my life with Clarice. But there is another way out."

"Move your building?"

"Something less drastic. The Pipp Tower rises thirty-three storeys above the street. It is made in the form of a flattened pyramid, part of the base of which is on your lot, and the top of which is—"

"Get on with it, Glinchy," V.K. urged.

"The top of which is an ideal building site."

Alicia stared at Glinchy. She turned her gaze slowly around the table. The men were all leaning forward, waiting. "A ranch house on a roof," she mused. "I don't know ... I had planned a little garden."

"We'll haul the dirt for it in the service elevator," V.K. cried. "Glinchy, I apologise. All these years I've been doing you an injustice."

"And I did have in mind a flagstone patio just outside the picture window."

"We'll build you one," V.K. said. "In fact, in return for your lot we'll build you the doggonedest, privatest ranch house in the country. And think of the view you'll have—the breweries, the water-filtration plant, the—"

"No close neighbors," Glinchy told her softly. "No one looking in your picture window. Easy commuting by elevator. Absolute privacy in the middle of the crowd."

Alicia stood up. The small gold head nodded. Glinchy found himself nodding with it. "Gentlemen, I'll do it," Alicia said. "You may leave your building where it is. I realise that the minute we get settled someone is certain to start a subdivision on the neighboring roofs or decide to run a super-highway thirty-three storeys in the air. But Bert and I will take that chance. It's a deal."

She left after the papers had been signed.

Glinchy wished that the meeting could have been prolonged. He had never been given this much respect before. But now life was back to normal. He touched V.K.'s arm hesitantly. "Mr. Hammond promised, you know."

"Now what, Glinchy?"

"That key."

V.K. stared at him. Then he sank back in his chair and fumbled in his pocket. "Take mine, Glinchy," he said wearily.

"Take this gold-plated one the boys gave me on my fortieth anniversary. You deserve it. But there's one favor I'd like to ask."

"Yes, V.K.?"

"Let me borrow it back once in a while. Let me lock the door and stand in front of the mirror and think. Maybe if I live long enough and do it often enough I'll figure out how I got that woman's ranch house on my roof."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1960



THE ROME OLYMPICS



THE MAIN STADIUM (above), scene of the Opening Ceremony. Right: The Konrads Kids, John and Ilsa, two Australian stars.

THE focus of the world is currently on Rome, where thousands of the world's greatest athletes and hundreds of thousands of spectators are gathered to enjoy the greatest sporting spectacular of modern times — the XVII Olympic Games. Nowhere is interest greater than in Australia, the host nation at the 1956 Melbourne Games. For Australians vividly recall the inspiration, the excitement of the Olympics and of an Olympic City. And they are eagerly waiting for their team to compete with 86 nations for honors in 268 gold medal events.





Marlene Mathews

One of the world's greatest women sprinters, Marlene, a 1956 Olympian and the 100yds. world-record holder, will compete in the 100 metre and relay events. She has been struggling to regain form after injury in pre-Olympic months and hopes to strike her old brilliance in Rome.



Denis Tipping

Australia's top sprinter, Denis will represent Australia in the 100-metre and 200-metre events in Rome. Denis, aged 20, lives in Lithgow, N.S.W., the home town of former Olympic star Marjorie Jackson.



Anna Pazera

The only javelin thrower in the Australian team, Anna represented Poland in the 1956 Olympics. She stayed in Australia to marry, and was naturalised just before the Cardiff Games, when she won a gold medal for Australia with a then world-record throw of 188ft. 4in.

They're in the team

● At the Rome Olympics Australia will be represented by a line-up of more than 200 sportsmen and sportswomen, all striving for gold-medal wins. Pictured on these pages are some of the star-studded team.



Betty Cuthbert

A likely gold medallist, Betty is a world-record holder and winner of the 1956 Olympic 100-metre and 200-metre titles. She will run in these events and in the relay in Rome. Betty, who was 22 on April 20, lives in Sydney, is 5ft. 6½in., and weighs 9st. 4lb. With Betty in the sprint relay team at the Games will be Marlene Mathews, Pat Duggan, and Norma Fleming.



Dave Power

Australia's best all-round runner, 31-year-old Dave, who lives at Corrimal, N.S.W., is third top man in the world over 10,000 metres. He was the Cardiff Empire Games six-mile and marathon champion, and is a possible medallist.



THE ROME



Alby Thomas

An Olympian who goes into the Rome field with an impressive record, Alby is a distance runner. He represented Australia at the 1956 Games, and has been selected to compete in the 1500-metre and 5000-metre events. He holds both the world two-mile and three-mile records.



Gloria Cooke

A Sydney housewife, Gloria is Australia's representative in the 80-metre hurdles. Now 25, she was a finalist in the Melbourne Olympics, and won a bronze medal at Cardiff. South Australia's Norma Thrower is also in the 80-metre hurdles.

Noel Freeman

Australia's greatest all-round walker, with world-class times, Noel is well within medal-winning calculations. He will compete in two events: the 20-kilometre (12 miles 752 yards) and the 50-kilometre (31 miles 120 yards) road walks. Noel is 21 and lives in Melbourne. In Olympic training he has been walking more than 150 miles a week.



Chilla Porter

Unchallenged in Australian high-jumping, Chilla, who lives in Western Australia, is in world class. He won a silver medal in the Melbourne Olympics, and this year won his fifth national title. The world record was recently smashed by American athlete John Thomas.

Tony Blue

A Brisbane doctor, Tony has been chosen for the 800-metre event. The 24-year-old university "blue" holds the Australian half-mile record. He was second to Herb Elliott in the national half-mile title earlier this year, but he has beaten Elliott and his form indicates that he'll be a finalist in the Games.



Stuart Mackenzie

A favorite for gold-medal honors in the single sculling event, Stuart recently won his third successive Diamond Sculls title in Switzerland. This event is regarded as one of the top trials for the Olympics. A Sydney boy, Stuart is 24.





Laurie Morgan

A grazier from Condobolin, N.S.W., Laurie Morgan is captain of Australia's Olympic equestrian team, which excelled at the recent Badminton Trials in England. A member of the team, Bill Roycroft, became the first Australian to win the Trials; Laurie was runner-up. An experienced horseman, he narrowly missed Olympic selection in 1956.



Tony Madigan

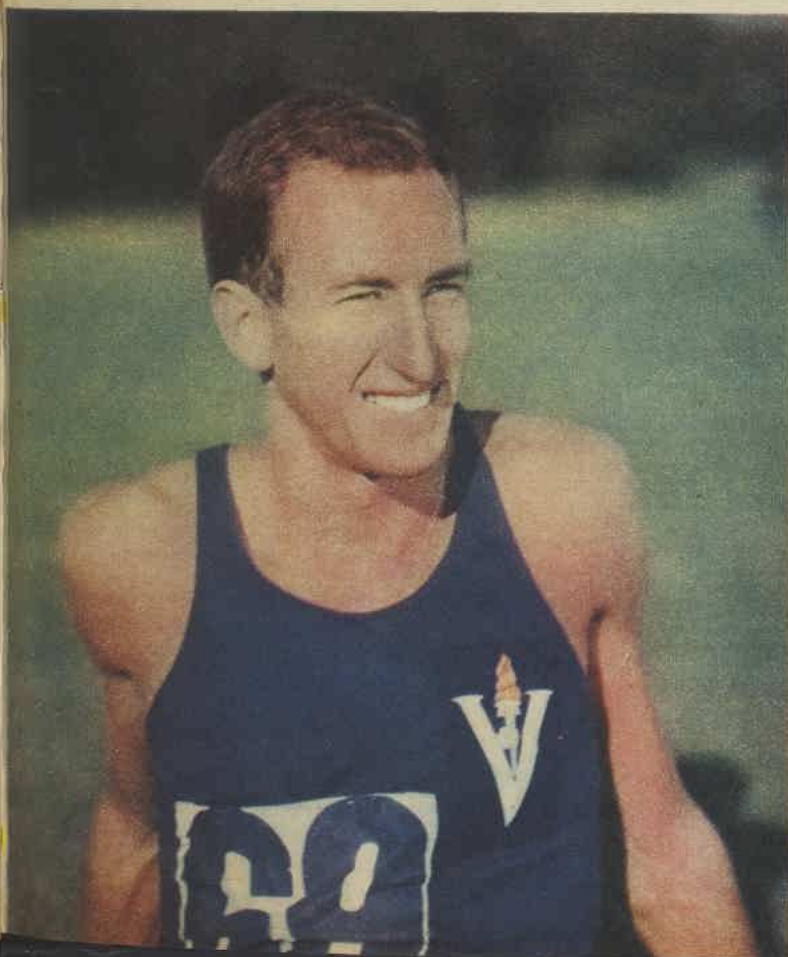
An excellent gold-medal prospect as Australia's light-heavyweight boxer, Tony is an experienced Olympian. He competed in the Helsinki and Melbourne Games, and was a gold medallist at the Cardiff Empire Games. Till recently Tony has been working as a male model in New York. He turned 30 on February 4 this year.

OLYMPICS



Herb Elliott

Australia's wonder miler Herb holds the coveted world mile record and frequently breaks the four-minute mile. Herb, who is 21, is a hot favorite for the gold-medal honors in the 1500-metre event and a possible winner of the 800 metres. A Western Australian, he now lives in Melbourne. He is 5ft. 11in., and weighs 10st. 4lb.



Rolly Tasker

Another top prospect for medal honors in Rome, Rolly will skipper Falcon VI, a Flying Dutchman-class yacht. Rolly, who won the world title for Flying Dutchman yachts in Austria in 1958, lives in Western Australia. He won a silver medal at the Melbourne Olympic Games, when he was considered unlucky to lose the deciding heat on a protest.

Ally Jones

• Tony Madigan • Lou Roads •

THE ROME OLYMPIC PROGRAM



• The Little Palace of Sport (basketball, ice-golfing).



• The starting line at Rome's new Olympic swimming pool.



• The new Flaminio Stadium (football and hockey events).

Steve Hayes

First day . . . August 25

Opening Ceremony.
Boxing and Water Polo . . . elimination rounds.

Second day . . . August 26

Swimming . . . Men's 100 metre freestyle heats and semi-finals.
200 metre women's breaststroke heats and semi-finals.
100 metre women's freestyle heats.
200 metre men's breaststroke heats.
Women's springboard diving eliminations.
Modern Pentathlon . . . riding test.
Cycling . . . Team time-trial race.
Scratch sprint heats and eighths finals.
Tandem heats and quarter-finals.
100 metre time-trial from standing start.
Canoeing . . . heats.
Wrestling . . . Greco-Roman.
Basketball, Hockey, Water Polo, Boxing, and Football eliminations.

Third day . . . August 27

Swimming . . . Women's springboard diving semi-finals, final, and victory ceremony.
Men's springboard diving eliminations and semi-finals.
Men's 4 x 100 metre medley relay heats.
100 metre women's freestyle semi-finals.
100 metre men's freestyle final and victory ceremony.
200 metre women's breaststroke final and victory ceremony.
Cycling . . . Team pursuit race eliminations and quarter-finals.
Scratch sprint quarter-finals.
Tandem semi-finals and finals.
Modern Pentathlon . . . Fencing test (epee).
Basketball, Hockey, Water Polo, Boxing eliminations.
Wrestling . . . Greco-Roman.
Canoeing . . . eliminations and semi-finals.

Fourth day . . . August 28

Rest Day.

Fifth day . . . August 29

Swimming . . . Women's high-diving eliminations.
100 metre women's butterfly heats.
Men's springboard diving final and victory ceremony.
200 metre men's breaststroke semi-finals.
100 metre women's freestyle final and victory ceremony.
4 x 200 metre men's freestyle heats.
Modern Pentathlon . . . Pistol-shooting test.
Fencing . . . Men's foil, individual.
Basketball, Boxing, Water Polo, Football, and Hockey eliminations.
Wrestling . . . Greco-Roman.
Canoeing . . . K 1 and K 2, Men's 1000 metre finals.

C 1 and C 2, Men's 1000 metre finals.
K 1 and K 2, Women's 500 metre finals.
K 1, Men's 4 x 500 metre relay final.
Cycling . . . Team pursuit race semi-finals and finals.
Scratch sprint semi-finals and finals.
Yachting . . . First race.

Sixth day . . . August 30

Swimming . . . Women's high-diving final and victory ceremony.
4 x 100 metre women's medley relay heats.
400 metre men's freestyle heats.
100 metre men's backstroke heats.
100 metre women's butterfly final and victory ceremony.
200 metre men's breaststroke final and victory ceremony.
Modern Pentathlon . . . swimming test.
Fencing . . . Men's foil, individual, eliminations and final.
Cycling . . . Individual road race.
Hockey and Boxing eliminations.
Wrestling . . . Greco-Roman.
Rowing . . . Pair oars without cox and pair oars with cox eliminations.
Four oars with cox eliminations.
Water Polo . . . semi-finals.
Yachting . . . Second race.

Seventh day . . . August 31

Swimming . . . 100 metre men's backstroke semi-finals, final, and victory ceremony.
Men's high-diving eliminations.
200 metre men's butterfly heats.
400 metre women's freestyle heats.
400 metre men's freestyle final and victory ceremony.
100 metre men's backstroke final and victory ceremony.
Athletics . . . Men's shot-put, qualifications and final.
Women's long jump, qualifications and final.
Men's 100 metre heats and quarter-finals.
Women's 80 metre hurdles heats and semi-finals.

GAMES TIMES

Rome is nine hours behind Australian Eastern Standard Time. This means that the Opening Ceremony takes place at the Olympic Stadium at 4.30 p.m. on August 25, which is 1.30 a.m., August 26, E.S.T. The Closing Ceremony at 5 p.m. on September 11 becomes 2 a.m. September 12, E.S.T.

(These times will be half an hour earlier in Adelaide; two hours earlier in Perth.) The finals and Victory Ceremonies in the swimming events are held at night, which is between dawn and breakfast time the following day in Australian time.

Men's 400 metre hurdles heats.
Men's 800 metre and 5000 metre heats.
Fencing . . . Women's foil, individual.
Modern Pentathlon . . . Athletics test: 4000 metre cross-country race.
Boxing and Hockey . . . Eliminations.
Wrestling . . . Greco-Roman.
Rowing . . . Four oars without cox and eight oars eliminations.
Single sculls and double sculls eliminations.
Pair oars without cox and four oars with cox eliminations.
Water Polo . . . semi-finals.
Yachting . . . Third race.

Eighth day . . . Sept. 1

Swimming . . . Men's high-diving semi-finals.
100 metre women's backstroke heats and semi-finals.
4 x 100 metre men's medley relay final and victory ceremony.
400 metre women's freestyle final and victory ceremony.
4 x 200 metre men's freestyle relay final and victory ceremony.
Fencing . . . Women's foil, individual, eliminations and final.
Hockey . . . Eliminations.
Wrestling . . . Freestyle.
Athletics . . . Men's high jump, qualifications and final.
Women's javelin, qualifications and final.
Women's 100 metre heats and quarter-finals.
Men's 100 metre semi-finals and final.
Men's 400 metre hurdles semi-finals.
Men's 800 metre semi-finals.
Women's 80 metre hurdles final.
Men's 3000 metre steeplechase heats.
Rowing . . . Single sculls and double sculls eliminations.
Eight oars eliminations.
Pair oars with cox and four oars without cox eliminations.
Boxing . . . Quarter-finals.
Basketball and Water Polo . . . Semi-finals.
Football . . . elimination round.
Yachting . . . Fourth race.

Ninth day . . . Sept. 2

Swimming . . . 4 x 100 metre women's freestyle relay heats.
1500 metre men's freestyle heats and semi-finals.
Men's high-diving final and victory ceremony.
200 metre men's butterfly-stroke final and victory ceremony.
4 x 100 metre women's medley relay final and victory ceremony.
Fencing . . . Men's foil, teams, eliminations and final.
Hockey . . . Eliminations.
Wrestling . . . Freestyle.
Athletics . . . Men's long jump, qualifications and final.

• Steve Hayes • Betty Cuthbert • Tony Madigan •

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 31, 1960

Teenagers

WEEKLY



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

TOMMY SANDS and NANCY SINATRA

LETTERS

Girls are "hookers," too

I CAN'T stand girls who come along to football matches each week done up in their latest fashions purely for the purpose of "hooking" boys. Why do they parade in front of the barracking squad? They only block the enthusiastic barrackers' view of the game. I wish girls would go about their "boy activities" in a different way.—"Unhooked," Point Piper, N.S.W.

Bodgie clothes

MANY people brand youths as bodgies because of their clothes. This is a grave injustice to the majority of these young people who have not been lucky enough to have tasteful guidance in their dressing. I have two friends who wear what a great many people would call "bodgie" clothes; finer boys could not be found anywhere. These unreasonable people should learn to judge the character by the heart, not by the clothes which surround it.—Pauline Seach, Lakemba, N.S.W.

The forgotten sex

IT is all very well having competitions with big prizes like a date with "Kookie" and other such celebrities, but how could a boy win a date with "Kookie"? I think it would be a great idea if somebody thought of sponsoring a competition for boys, with the prize a date with Annette Funicello, or something similar.—"How about it," Reservoir, Vic.

Hit tunes

WHY is it that so many adults nowadays seem to think that some of the latest hit tunes are ridiculous? They are no worse than some of the hits that were recorded when they were teenagers, such as "Stone Cold Dead in the Market."—Judy Hellisen, Waratah Bay, Vic.



Judy Hellisen

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our pin-up: Since he migrated from England just on three years ago, 19-year-old Ian Crawford has won himself a lot of fans through TV, interstate tours, appearances at dances, and on disc. His last single, "Up Town," did very well.

When in Rome

OUR pleasant seaside town is invaded each summer by fun-seeking youths. These youths, usually ordinary, sensible people, suddenly become louts. Local dances are not good enough for them, as the drinking of alcohol is not permitted. Noisy private dances allowing this are run in opposition to the local ones. Surely it is not asking too much to expect these youths to show respect to the people who live permanently in the area?—"Local Teenager," Victor Harbor, S.A.

Gag the moaners

I WOULD like to warn fellow teenagers who may be starting jobs to beware of the "moaner." Often new girls and boys get upset by the constant moaning of some employee who is dissatisfied with everything in her, or his, job, yet the moaner never gives up the job but often causes some other fellow employee to leave. My advice to teenagers is to turn a deaf ear to moaners and tell them to leave if the job is so bad.—Linda Ottaway, Broadmeadows, Vic.

Tall girls' club

A TALL Women's Club has recently been formed here in Toowoomba. It is open to all women over the height of 5ft. 7in., and the main aims of the club are to obtain ready-made clothes to fit and to have household fittings made high enough. This is only the start of what we hope will become an association with branches all over Australia. I am 16 and am 5ft. 9in. tall, and until the club was formed I was very conscious of my height. But now I am proud to be tall, and, in fact, I feel short at the meetings. This club is not only for older women but also for teenagers like myself. Anyone interested may obtain details by writing to Box 54, Town Hall P.O., Toowoomba.—Pam Smart, Toowoomba, Qld.

Study first

WHY must so many school functions be held during the last term, when most of our time is spent studying for exams, instead of during the first or second terms, when much more time is available? Next term we are expected to attend a school ball, several school socials and concerts, a fete, and a sports day. Surely this is a bit much to ask with the exams only a couple of months away.—Diane Hill, Southport, Qld.

Tanganyika Teen

MANY times I have read of weekend homework being unfair; well, listen to this! I attend the only European secondary school in Tanganyika. It is a co-educational boarding school. We rise at 6.30 a.m. and start lessons at 8 a.m. Except for half an hour's break we work through till 1 p.m. In the afternoon, as well as games and other activities, we have an hour's prep and another hour in the evening. On Saturdays the timetable is the same, only we end lessons at 11.30 a.m., and in the afternoon there is only three-quarters of an hour prep. I'm an Australian myself and have attended a school in Sydney. I think we work much harder than you do.—Elizabeth Gelding, Kanga, Tanganyika.

Social sheep show

I DIG Fabian, Johnny Devlin, Tommy Sands, and Dig, but there is one thing I don't dig and that is being "priced" at the local dances. As soon as the music starts you see young fellows walking up and down in front of you and looking you over as though you were a mob of sheep being judged.—"Blue-Ribbon-Gal," Burnie, Tas.

Help wanted

A COUPLE of weeks ago I bought a water-resistant scarf for wet weather. As the scarf is all white, the time has come for me to wash it. The question is—how do you wash a water-resistant scarf?—Judith Tweddle, Southport, Qld.

Anti-American

WHY do Australian teenagers worship their American counterparts? I believe I am a typical Australian 17-year-old girl in most respects, but unlike most of my friends I deplore the materialistic outlook of young Americans today. Are the crop of knock-kneed, concave-chested, pallid, rock-n-roll stars who perform revolting gyrations to the strains of pseudo-sentimental lyrics worthy of our admiration? Or the American teenagers who appreciate such antics and ask for more?—Can we respect a nation which shuns contact with negroes, but is represented by those same negroes in events of the Olympic Games? I fail to see why Australian teenagers should idolise and envy these young Americans who attain an outward false maturity.—Sue Langley, Frankston, Vic.



Margaret Blythe and her younger sisters.

Down on the farm

ANYONE who thinks farm work is easy ought to have his head examined. I have lived on a farm all my life (14½ years) and, believe me, farming is the worst and hardest job of all. You get out of bed at 4.30 to milk the cows and finish at 7.30. At 2.30 in the afternoon you milk again and finish about 5.30. We go into town (ten miles) twice a month but hardly ever go to the pictures, as we have to go home and milk. Some people seem to think that farming is just a matter of lying on the sofa, reading comics, and swimming in the creek, and then milking about ten cows, but most farmers around this district milk up to 90 cows.—Margaret Blythe, Beechwood, N.S.W.

Opera is NOT overrated

● Opera singers don't appear to put half as much into a song as rock-n-rollers do, according to Katherine Thomas (T.W. 27/7/60), so why should they receive so much praise and applause? Most readers disagree with her.

OPERATIC arias usually last from five to seven minutes. So how can an opera singer, who must also be able to sing fluently in several languages, be compared with "a guy with a gimmick" whose song is considered phenomenal if it lasts for four minutes?—Erica Durham, Cremorne, N.S.W.

I THINK that more young people should learn to appreciate opera, which besides the music (which is "real" music) has a very interesting story to follow.—Margaret Harvey, Fivedock, N.S.W.

OPERA singers must do a great deal of study and practice before they can be successful. This training includes lessons in voice production, which explains why opera singers do not appear to use much energy in their singing. A good opera singer can fill a large theatre with his or her voice without the aid of

a microphone. Most rock-n-roll singers would find this rather difficult, mainly because of their lack of training. However, despite the obvious superiority of opera singers I would rather listen to modern music than grand opera.—E. Seency, Grovedale, Vic.

AN opera singer must study voice control and breathing, and every day must do at least one hour's singing exercises. He must also study the rudiments of music and be able to sing a song direct from the musical score. He must study the history of musical form and be able to pass certain aural tests. Of course, the opera singer does not sweat and have perspiration running down his face! The hours of daily practice keep him fit and in good condition, so that he can sing strenuous arias without any outward sign of strain. It is only the unconditioned, untrained persons who wilt under the strain. They pant, perspire, and in general show their lack of condition. Any-

one at all can sing rock-n-roll, which can be good fun at times, but it takes a really skilled and dedicated person to become an opera singer.—Winsome Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

I HEARTILY agree with Miss Thomas, who says that rock-n-roll singers are criticised far too much. They put their hearts into recordings to provide entertainment for most people.—Murray Dickson, Albany, W.A.

MISS THOMAS' obviously has never listened to an opera when she states that "all opera singers do is stand up on a stage and try to sing a few notes." Opera singers are not only required to sing but also to act and even dance (as Joan Hammond did in "Salome"). As for the "few notes"—they must learn page upon page of words and music for operas which continue usually for well over an hour.—Judith Fuller, Bourkeville, N.S.W.

A story about SCHOOLBOYS AND ALL THAT JAZZ

By William Joy

● The musicians on the stage were rehearsing for their next performance. The hall was empty — except for the beat and melody of "Music, Music, Music."

THESE boys were really good. It was hard to believe that they were all only 15 or 16 years old.

Soon after we arrived they switched to "When the Saints Go Marching In" and later told us how the band was formed.

It all began early last year at a meeting of the Recorded Music Club at the East Hills Boys' High School, Sydney.

Physical education teacher Kevin Doughty, who started the club soon after the school opened five years ago, was a pianist. Warren Target, a fourth-year boy, of Kingsgrove, played the guitar. Keith Gould, also of Kingsgrove, had been playing the banjo since he was eight.

So one day the three of them got together and gave a "live" performance at a club meeting.

Members were so enthusiastic that Warren, with Mr. Doughty's support, got permission from the headmaster, Mr. Michael Cannon, to form a jazz band.

In answer to an appeal for musicians, Bobby Morrison came along with his clarinet. Richard Fields came forward with the drums. Science master John Lucas could play the trumpet.

"Pretty rugged"

So with drums, clarinet, trumpet, guitar, banjo, and piano the band started.

"It was pretty rugged at first," said Warren. "We started off with 'Basin Street Blues' and 'Petit Fleur,' which has a clarinet solo, but we were battling."

The band was well enough advanced, however, to play two items at last year's school dance, when fourth- and fifth-year pupils invited girls from "the school across the road," as the Girls' High is called.

They also played at the farewell to Mr. Cannon when he

went overseas last December for six months.

Then came the end-of-the-year crash. Mr. Doughty left. Bobby Morrison transferred to another school with his clarinet.

"We were hard hit," said Warren, "so early this year another appeal went out for more players."

Second start

John Foxe, of Kingsgrove, borrowed his young brother's saxophone and joined.

Allan Royal, who had played only classical pieces from Mozart, Bach, and Tchaikovsky on the piano, switched to jazz.

Bobby Boyne, of Earlwood, came along with £100 worth of drums his parents gave him as a Christmas present.

Eric Krieger, of Penshurst, bought a guitar for £15 and took private lessons.

Science master and trumpeter John Lucas took charge and the band got off to a second powerful start.

Every Friday, for two hours after school, they practise in the school hall, and all put in several hours of practice at home each week.

Warren Target, who is leader of the band at 16, said he learned to play the piano before he felt the urge to play the guitar.

"I wanted a guitar for months," he said. "I guess I nearly drove Mum mad till I got it. I pestered her till she bought a guitar from a professional for £20, and I've just finished paying her back."

Keith Gould, the other foundation member, said he sometimes gets sick of playing the banjo.

"So I bought a guitar for £6 from the boy next door and worked in a shop at Christmas to pay for it."

"We were terrible at the beginning, but I think we're pretty good now."



DRUMMER of the East Hills School Band, Bobby Boyne. At right, John Foxe (Sax), and the teacher-in-charge, John Lucas (trumpet).

Bobby Boyne had played the side drum in a flute band and later in a cadet bugle band.

"That was very different from this," he said, indicating his jazz-snare drum, his bass drum, cymbal, and high hat.

"And these aren't the best. A full set of the best would cost £250."

Eric Krieger bought his guitar in May last year and Warren Target helped him learn to play.

Eric takes over the drums when Bobby is not available and has also emerged as the band's impersonator and satirist. His performance of "Mac the Knife" in the Louis Armstrong style was one of the high spots of a recent amateur night.

John Foxe played the piano till the call went out for volunteers to save the band, but he's now keen on the sax and very proud of the instrument he borrowed from his brother Russell.

"It's a Buescher," he said. "Dad gave £65 for it — a terrific bargain. They're American. They cost £280 now and Australia doesn't let many in."

Philip Lang, of Riverwood, joined the band recently as a guitarist. His mother gave him the guitar for his 13th birthday, but he wouldn't look at it for a year. Now he's got to like it.

Hard work

The rehearsal I attended was for a performance the following night at the Baulkham Hills Masonic Home for Children.

For two solid hours they worked hard. From "The Saints" they switched to "Caravan," "Red River," "The Birth of the Blues," "Bad Man," and "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport."

Warren Target and Eric Krieger took over the mike from time to time to sing the lyrics.

The rehearsal was still in full swing as I left.

And at Baulkham Hills the following night the 260 boys and girls stamped and clapped the band into encore after encore.



PIANIST of the band, Allan Royal, with Keith Gould (banjo). Below is the guitar section—from left, Ken Laurie, Philip Lang, Eric Krieger, and Warren Target.



Diamonds' song for Delltones

● The best fun the Diamonds had on their Australian tour with Pat Boone was when they relaxed off stage with their friends the Delltones.

THE eight boys of these two vocal groups had a hilarious few hours together — harmonising.

And the Diamonds' parting gift to the Delltones was a new song by Hal Blaine, "She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not."

It's a ballad, the type of song both groups like.

The Diamonds are two Canadians, Mike Douglas and Dave Somerville, and two Californians, Evan Fisher and John Felten. They have toured Australia four times in two years.

The Delltones are Bronte surf lifesavers Noel Widerberg, Brian Perkins, Warren Lucas, and Ian Wilson, who have been successful on TV, records, and singing tours.

During the past six years the Diamonds have made 30 recordings, including ten which became American hits. One of their favorites, "Little Darlin'," has sold more than 2,000,000 records. Their latest album is "Songs From The Old West."

The Delltones, however, are not resting upon their laurels. Each is learning to play an instrument and taking dancing lessons to benefit the act.

All four were interested in music long before they formed their vocal group.

John (whose speaking voice is as deep and melodious as the bass key he sings in) was recording with studio groups while at school.

Evan, who sings tenor, was one of the original members of the famous American Four Preps before he joined the Navy for his National Service.

Mike worked his way through

GET-TOGETHER for the Diamonds and the Delltones in Sydney. From left, Warren Lucas, Evan Fisher, Brian Perkins, Mike Douglas, John Felten, Ian Wilson, Dave Somerville, and Noel Widerberg.

conservatorium by selling magazine subscriptions.

Dave made his debut at the age of five when he sang at a concert "Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" in Chinese. (His mother was the daughter of a missionary in China.)

Worth Hearing

TCHAIKOVSKY:

First Piano Concerto

THIS is probably the most famous and certainly the most popular of all piano concertos. And like most of Tchaikovsky's familiar works it has been raided by the makers of popular songs.

Ironically, though, Tchaikovsky himself borrowed a popular tune of the day for the second movement of the concerto.

The concerto was written in 1874, when Tchaikovsky was 34. But Tchaikovsky developed rather later than some composers, and this is one of the earliest of his well-known works. It exhibits all his appealing tunefulness and emotional excitability.

There are recorded performances by the two most famous of present-day Russian Pianists, Gilels (Popular Record Club) and Richter (Carina), and another by a young American pianist who has had a spectacular success playing Russian music to the Russians, Van Cliburn (R.C.A.).

— Martin Long

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LISTEN HERE

— with Ainslie Baker

● If Tommy Sands hadn't made an Australian tour in March, Johnny Devlin's newest single for Teen wouldn't have been "I'm Gonna Love You," with the flip "Wicked, Wicked Woman."

SCOTTY TURNBULL, Tommy's guitarist, wrote the Buddy Holly type "I'm Gonna Love You," and Tommy's drummer, Hal Blaine, composed the flip. They both back Johnny on the disc.

Tapes of both sides are now in the U.S. with Scotty, who hopes to interest the American Challenge label. If he's successful, this could lead to an overseas visit for 22-year-old Johnny.

But even if this doesn't come off, plenty of interesting things are happening to the New Zealander who now lives in Sydney. His "Gigolo," though it didn't make the top ten, was in the charts for over two months.

He's continually making interstate appearances, had a "Bandstand" booking once a fortnight, and in a couple of weeks will have his first LP, "Real Nervous," on the record-bar counters.

Local talent: Wisely or not, Rolf Harris doesn't try for another "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" with his new Columbia single, "The Big Black Hat." It's a straight comedy song without Australianisms.

Flip, "Little Lost Boy," is a comic treatment of the familiar story of the chaos created in a big department store when a bawling small boy gets separated from his mother. Rolf is the boy.

HERE'S the first disc for 18-year-old Bruce Gillespie, the half-Indian boy who's been making a hit as a night-club singer in Sydney and on the Gold Coast.

"Velvet Waters," a former instrumental, but now with lyrics by Australian Dorothy Dodds of "Granada" fame, is the big side. Flip is "Teenage Love," written by Bruce, and slanted to please the fans he made when he was on "Six O'Clock Rock" and "Bandstand."

POPS: How do you like your Tommy Sands? Sinatra-style, or as a straight-out romantic balladeer? A Capitol 45 gives you your choice. The swinging "Old Oaken Bucket" is the one that's getting the big boost, but the ballad side, "These Are The Things You Are," is an exceptionally good example of Tommy in tender mood (see picture on opposite page), and has a beautiful melody.

WHILE you're waiting to see 20-year-old Frankie Avalon's first movie, an H.M.V. EP, "Songs From Guns of the Timberland," lets you hear Frankie in some of the film's songs—"Two Fools," "Your Cheatin' Heart," "The Faithful Kind," and "Gee Whizzilkins—Golly Gee."

A BON-BON of Viennese pops in cabaret style comes from zither-player Anton Karas and a group of other musicians and singers on Pye International's LP "Gruss Aus Grinzing" ("Greetings From Grinzing"). The delightful "Vienna Cabby Song," "Vienna, City of My Dreams" and Karas' "Cafe Mozart Waltz" and "Zither Ditty" — among other tuneful, sentimental tunes.

ONE of America's top favorite danceband leaders, Les Elgart, calls his new Coronet LP "The Band with THAT Sound." It's his 13th album, so the sound's pretty smooth and cultivated by this. A varied programme in the big-hotel manner includes "The Man I Love," "Begin the Beguine," "Yesterday."

"BAD MAN BLUNDER" (Capitol 45) is proving no blunder for The Kingston Trio. They're sometimes more melodious, but they've never had a better story to tell than this one of an inept outlaw. "The Escape of Old John Webb" on the flipside is another in the narrative style — but only mediocre.

Star turn: "The Mikado," with Groucho Marx as Lord High Executioner? Sounds like some crazy surrealist dream.



Johnny Devlin

But it's all — or most of it, anyway ("Wandering Minstrel," "Three Little Girls from School") — on a Coronet LP.

With Stanley Holloway as Pooch-Bah, Dennis King as The Mikado, and that refugee from the Met, Helen Traubel (she went into nightclubs and movies), as Katisha, the whole fantastic thing came about as an American TV show. Break it gently to the folks — they'll come around.

Classical: Wherever musical people gather, the greatness or inflated importance of Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) is still a topic of contention. Fellow countryman Fritz Reiner, who at first rejected him, then came to revere him, conducts the Chicago Orchestra in an impressive reading of Mahler's Fourth Symphony — certainly one of his most beautiful and melodious. Lisa Bella Casa is the soprano soloist (R.C.A. LP).

MAKING a rather steep descent to the pop classics for those who prefer the colorful and exotic, a W. and G. stereo LP "East of Suez" offers the 101 Strings in a vivid programme that includes "In a Persian Market," "Song of India," "Kashmiri Song," and Tchaikovsky's "Arab Dance."

Ballet: Recordings of two Russian works, both of which have inspired celebrated Diaghilev ballets, could have you biting your fingernails in indecision. Rimsky-Korsakov's thrilling "Scheherazade," with the orchestra of The Vienna State Opera under Mario Rossi, comes on an exhilarating Top Rank LP.

ON a World Record Club LP there's Stravinsky's complex, fascinating "Petrouchka," presented in brilliant color by The Philharmonia Orchestra under Elmer Kurtz.

FROM ROBERT FELDMAN,
in New York

Tom and Nancy may elope

● To avoid the publicity circus that would accompany a big church wedding, Tommy Sands and Nancy Sinatra may elope.



Nancy is proud of the lovely engagement ring that Tommy gave her.

TOMMY'S manager, Ted Wick, told me this last week when I was trying to find out the young couple's marriage plans.

Since they announced their engagement on the eve of Tommy's departure for his recent tour of Australia, both have been avoiding Press interviews.

So I had to put the question of when and where to them through Mr. Wick.

Nancy's reply, according to Wick, was: "Sometime before the end of November Tommy and I will be married."

Tommy's reply: "That's right—before the end of November." But Wick said Tommy winked mischievously as he said it.

Tommy is due to end his active duty in the U.S. Air Force in mid-November. But there is no reason why they couldn't be married while he is still in uniform.

As Nancy put it: "We haven't really made up our minds what to do."

"Many people think we should have a big wedding and a big reception with hundreds of guests."

"That frightens both of us, because

we feel that marriage is a private occasion, not a three-ring circus.

"Yet we would hate to hurt our friends and family."

Tommy recently completed his basic training at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas, and his group was transferred to Long Beach, California—about an hour's drive from the house in Beverly Hills where Nancy lives with her mother, brother, and young sister, or the Hollywood apartment his mother maintains for him.

Tommy makes the drive each weekend—he is off duty on Sundays and Mondays. He also drives up frequently during the week, returning in time for reveille at 7.30 each morning.

Prefer quiet life

Some of Tommy's off-duty time is devoted to recording sessions for Capitol Records (E.M.I. in Australia). His current hit in the U.S. is a rhythmic version of the old standard "The Old Oaken Bucket."

But most of his time off the base is spent in hand-holding with Nancy.

There is little gadding about in search of the glamorous life. The romantic couple prefer to spend their evenings quietly at home watching television, or going to a neighborhood movie.

A few American columnists have published items questioning whether father Frankie really approved of Tommy as a prospective son-in-law. Others portrayed Tommy as cowering in fear of the great Sinatra.

"The truth," said Wick, "is that Nancy's father loves her and trusts her. If she chose Tommy Sands, it was fine with Frank. Whenever I've seen them together, Tommy and Frank have always shown respect and friendliness for each other."

Tommy's arrangement with Uncle Sam is the popular Air Force reserve plan. After the six-month training hitch, he goes into civvies except for one month's active duty each year until 1966.

As far as I could determine, Tommy is unlikely to be shot down in flames. His job with the Air Force is an earth-bound one in the hangars. He had turned down the offer of a job in the entertainment services, preferring to be a "G.I. Joe like everybody else."

After his transfer to Long Beach, Nancy and her mother threw a "welcome back" party for Tommy last month, and there he warmed up his pipes before a small mob of Hollywood celebrities, including Fabian and Frankie Avalon.

The 20-year-old Nancy, however, con-

tented herself with passing the canapes. She gave up singing in public after one of the shortest careers in show business.

"She plans to retire to become Mrs. Tommy Sands," said Wick, "after deciding that she is not the world's best performer."

Nancy's career began and ended with an appearance on her father's "Welcome Home, Elvis" television programme last March.

Too busy for trip

Sinatra passed up the party only because he was out of town. All the family, including Mrs. Sinatra, are on the best of terms with him, and he is a frequent visitor to the house.

If Tommy and Nancy decide to have a formal wedding after all, it will doubtless be held in a Roman Catholic church and her father will give the bride away.

Both Tommy and Nancy had expressed a desire to honeymoon in Australia, Wick said. But the 23-year-old Sands said that he would be too busy to travel that far. He is signed up to do a television show, a nightclub tour, and two films following his discharge.

"I'm going to have to support a wife now," Tommy said with a grin.

THIS LEGGY LOOK leaves the black-stockinged beats for dead. Dagmar wears men's long evening socks with a pleated skirt and a man's black bulky sweater.



She sews for



● Pretty Da
best-dressed
clothes are o
individual too
the crowd. Br
of money —
own. Then
makes them
she do



PINK AND PRETTY. This nylon shirtwaist was a strapless evening dress which Dagmar unpicked and sewed, mostly by hand, into this easy-to-care-for dress.



HIGH-WAISTED effect was easy to achieve. Dagmar sewed leather strips into side seams of the suit, then tied a bow. There's a matching bow on the simple swathe of veiling hat.



EVENING DRESS adapted from a Paris design was remade from another dress. Dagmar had five years ago. She bought her Victorian head-comb for a guinea at a Petticoat Lane stall in London.

her own

Dagmar Roubicek is one of the
ed year-olds in Sydney. Her
e original and elegant, with that
ton that singles a girl out from
the clothes don't cost her a mint
— she designs and makes her
own fashions change she re-
mains the latest look. How does
do? Turn overleaf . . .



WHITE BABY LACE, which costs sixpence
a yard, gives a cute touch to this dress.
Dagmar made it from a cotton skirt which
she unpicked then made to her own
sleeveless and high-waisted design.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 31, 1960



SLACK SUIT designed by
Dagmar for winter week-
ends. She cut out the pants
using a pair of blue jeans
as a guide. These photo-
graphs by staff photog-
rapher Adeline Hurley.

Theraderm controls dandruff

This mother KNOWS...



... this mother knows that Theraderm controls dandruff. She knows that Theraderm is safe for all the family too. She knows that clean healthy hair is a girl's 'Crowning Glory'

Control Dandruff with just three applications of Theraderm.

Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove only loose dandruff from the hair, they don't remove the hard, scaly layer that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming new dandruff flakes.

But Theraderm, with penetrating Sarthionate, removes the hard scaly layer and keeps the scalp free from dandruff for months. Theraderm kills scalp germs... ends itching and burning... keeps scalp healthy for months. To keep dandruff under control use Theraderm regularly.



DAYS after using ordinary preparations — dandruff comes back because hard scaly layer remains.

MONTHS after using Theraderm — still no dandruff because Theraderm removes hard scaly layer.

IT'S NEW

Theraderm is an entirely NEW lotion for dandruff control released after extensive clinical testing—and now available from your family chemist. Price, 12/6.



Ask your family chemist—he knows all about dandruff and Theraderm.

Theraderm



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Page 8 — Teenagers' Weekly

HOW DAGMAR

Sews her own

● If you want to be well dressed and remain well heeled, never throw away your old clothes. Instead, sew them into something new.

THAT'S the advice of Dagmar Roubeck, whose smart remodelled clothes are shown on pages 6 and 7.

By practising what she preaches, she has a wardrobe of clothes that all say 1960, even though some of them date from 1954.

Dagmar, a model, is long and leggy, with shoulder-length hair she can twist into almost any style.

"As soon as I see someone wearing an outfit something like one of mine, I rush straight home, grab the scissors, and remake mine into another style," she said.

"I'm a non-conformist at heart. I just can't bear mass production."

"That's why I design my clothes, I suppose. I sketch a design in a book whenever I think of one. Then, when I decide to remake last year's model, I just have to decide on the design."

"I measure myself all over and write all the inches in the book — from shoulder to waist and all that sort of thing."

"Then I unpick the old dress, iron the material out flat, and cut it to the new design."

"I always put the folds or pleats in first before cutting the material."

"For that short taffeta evening dress, I just cut a chemise neckline and made the bodice three inches longer than my waist so it

bloused when I sewed it on the skirt."

"Before I start I'm always absolutely sure of what I'm going to do. I never cut first and worry after. Never."

"When I've cut the dress out I tack it all up and try it on. That's the only way I can ever tell just how it looks — pins are useless."

"Then I usually tack it all over again, with all the adjustments and changes that make it look better."

"Then I press it — I press like mad at every stage, in fact — and try it on again."

"And it's a good idea to have someone with you who can give an opinion."

"Then finally I machine it and, of course, press it again. That's all."

Dagmar makes it all sound very simple. That's because she's had lots of practice, and maybe because she learnt some of the finer points of dressmaking from a London couturiere a couple of years ago.

Dagmar was born in Canada and went to live in London when she was seven. She attended the Royal Ballet School and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Then came lots of small parts in films, including Charles Chaplin's "A King in New York." In "Around the World in 80 Days" she was the nanny in the park right at the beginning.

After marrying in London 18 months ago, she and her actor husband came to live in Sydney this year.



"I didn't mean to scream, but I thought surely she had fallen."

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 31, 1960

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Train crush

"I HAVE seen a girl on the train going to school and I would like to meet her. I am a boy of 16. I don't want to be cheap about this. I know one of her girl-friends, if that will help. Also, tell me, please, have I to ask a girl if I can kiss her good-night?"

"Hoping Boy," N.S.W.

An introduction from a mutual friend is a time-honored way to get to know anyone. There is nothing cheap about it. It is the ideal way.

Your plans for your friendship seem to be rather long-range. Leave the kissing alone for a while. I don't think there is anything more ghastly than a kiss that is asked for. You ask for it silently or by your behaviour, holding her hand in the pictures and so on, just not out of the blue.

After you've taken her out a few times you'll know when you can kiss her, and then wait for the right moment. Don't ask, for goodness' sake. Can you imagine the ghastly gap while you waited for her to answer? Or what would you do if she said "No, thank you" just because she thought she ought to? Would you say, "Some other time, perhaps?" and drizzle off into the night? Just don't come at that asking business.

Love or leave?

"MY girl-friend and I have been planning for some time to go to another town 300 miles away to live, and my parents are in agreement with this. My problem is that recently I have met and fallen in love with a very nice boy. He has asked me to go steady with him. But I refused because

I don't want to get involved, as there will be too much heartbreak for both of us when I leave. He says he would prefer us to have a few months together rather than not see each other any more. Please tell me if you think I have done the right thing by not going steady with him. There is no question of my not leaving, as I have promised to go with my girl-friend in a few months and I can't go back on my word now."

"Decision," S.A.

There's nothing like a new boy to make exciting plans dull and pointless, but I do think you are being unnecessarily dramatic about it all.

Why not go out with him until you leave? Must you "go steady"? I think it's all so silly. I don't know why you just don't go out with him occasionally and enjoy his company, then go off later, as planned, to work in that other town. If it's really love, 300 miles won't separate you.

Family friend

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and fairly attractive. I have known a boy who is 17 for nearly five years now, and he is good friends with the rest of my family, especially my elder brother, and with me. I am sure he likes me, because he is always doing something for me, and he is very considerate, but he is too shy, I think, to tell me. A few weeks ago he took me to a show just because I said I wanted to see it but couldn't, and when I thanked him the next day he said that he should be thanking me, not I him. His friends tell me that he mentions me sometimes and that he always sticks up for me in any argument whether I am right or wrong. They also tell me, but I don't

know if they are joking or not, that he gets a bit jealous if some other boy takes me out. The trouble is that, though we are friends, I've never thought of him as anything else, but if I knew what to do and how to tell whether he is just being nice or whether he likes me truly, I would know how to behave towards him without worrying about being forward."

L.D.P., N.S.W.

Do you mean to tell me you don't know whether or not this boy likes you after a five-year friendship? You should have your head read.

I know your friendship has been platonic and that he's a family friend, but, really and truly, you must know he likes you, as of course he does.

Treat him as the good friend he is.

Forgotten trinket

"AT a Christmas dance a boy I was dancing with picked up my bracelet, and, as it had a weak clip, put it in his pocket so I would not lose it. But I forgot to ask him for it after the dance. As he is now engaged to be married next month, do you think it would be all right for me to write him a letter and ask for it, as it was a keepsake. As the boy has now left the town, I do not see him."

"Anxious," N.S.W.

I really do think you've left it a bit long to ask this boy about the bracelet. He's probably lost it by this. Perhaps you could write to him and say something like: "Can you remember what happened to my bracelet?—I have a recollection of you picking it up once when it fell off, but it might well have been someone else."

What I am trying to say is, if it is important enough for you to write to him about it at this stage, phrase it so that neither he nor you loses any face.

The other girl

"UP to a few weeks ago I had been very friendly with a boy who is the same age as myself, but now he is attracted to a girl who, I think, is prettier than myself and also three years older. He still talks and is very friendly towards me, but his whole conversation is about this other girl. I don't know whether to let him go, or what, but it has made me extremely unhappy, and it would be difficult for me to drop him. Mum thinks he is just a silly kid, but all the same I know that I am very jealous, although I try not to show it. I would like some suggestions on what I should do."

"Almost Forsaken," Qld.

It's the girls you don't hear about that are dangerous. Men never talk about their secret loves to the girl they are taking out; not until they are ready to give her the brush-off once and for all.

If it's possible for you to do so, just go on the way you are, taking little notice of the conversation, since you want to hang on to him so desperately.

Why don't you go out with other boys occasionally and talk to him about them? It doesn't ever do much good, except to your own morale. Sorry to be so bleak in my suggestions, but if a man wants to stray, he strays.

Worried at 14

"I HAVE recently turned 14. My problem is that I have not yet had my periods. Most girls have them between 12-13½. Could you please tell me what I could do?"

"Worried," A.C.T.

Just wait around. Each girl matures at a different age. In Australia the age is between 11 and 16, so, you see, you haven't a thing to worry about.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



DO you admire those girls with the Bandbox Look? Well, don't stop at the admiring stage, because people should be admiring YOU.

This just - freshly - washed - and - ironed - and-brushed-and-polished stuff is part of the Bandbox Look.

A friend of mine always used to get dressed in a morning rush. She dragged a dress out of the wardrobe, picked out a pair of shoes, a handbag, and gloves (if they happened to be there).

She ran a comb through her hair, streaked on some lipstick—and then tore out of the house.

And she usually looked—well, quite pretty. NOT bandboxy though.

Then she began to think about those Perfect People who get all their clothes ready for the next day the night before.

Being a strong character, she decided to do the same.

Now SHE has the Bandbox Look.

She says it takes only about 15 minutes at night to iron a dress and clean shoes and put out everything else so that it's ready to wear next morning.

The other part of the Bandbox Look is a sort of AWARENESS of fashion.

It's being up to date with what's new (like the latest sleeveless look for spring) and knowing how to adapt "fashionable" fashions for herself.

A girl with plumpish arms, for example, would know she couldn't wear a dress that is wholly sleeveless. So she buys—or sews, if she's thimble-fingered—a dress with a slightly elongated shoulder-line.

This helps to disguise the size of her arms. But the impression of a sleeveless dress is still there.

You'll find this fashion-awareness in the girl who mixes and matches her colors cleverly.

She wouldn't be satisfied with a grey dress with pink accessories—which is pretty but obvious.

The aware girl—the Bandbox girl—teams the grey dress with cocoa accessories, or with a sharp yellow, or olive-green, or turquoise. Not, of course, more than three colors in one outfit.

The Bandbox Look takes practice and perseverance. But it's worth the time it takes.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9



Clare Gae Kestner

"About that big history exam tomorrow, Babs—why not come over and we'll worry together?"



**A GUY
says girls
live in**

THE MUDDLE AGES!

● Novelist H. G. Wells' time machine was fiction, but the time machine which girls use really works.

YES, lasses can make time stand still, turn back the clock, or flit into the future with the greatest of ease! How? It's simple.

For I refer, of course, to girls' cavalier attitude to age.

Let's hop aboard the marvellous machine and see how it works. Contact!

Girls start tampering with time when they've still got their baby teeth.

While a male mite is content to act his age and wear rompers, little girls put the time machine into forward gear and, wearing Mum's make-up and other madness, behave as they will in 15-odd years' time.

And lasses are "old girls" even before they leave school.

What high-school girl doesn't

regard her 13 years as an unlucky number?

So, once more, the time machine hums and for the benefit of everyone, particularly boys, she skips two years and is a mature 15.

"Robin is tops"

I AM 15 and I think Robin is tops. If we stopped to think we would realise we all probably have done some of the things Robin has mentioned. We might not have thought anything of it, but other people may have noticed. I think it is much better to read about and correct our mistakes rather than have other people point them out to us. So, girls, I think Robin is doing us a favor, not an injury. — Margaret Rodgers, Rockdale, N.S.W.

Such use of the machine carries on until a girl is 21.

However, when she gets the key to the door she promptly uses it to lock up the forward gear works!

For, at 21, a girl reckons there's no future in the future.

She's never been 21 before, as the old song says — but she wants to be it again and again!

But the time machine doesn't stand gathering dust from this time on.

No, sir. Girls oil up the lever marked "Present" and work it furiously to make time stand still.

And, against all the laws of nature, they get away with it where science has failed.

The efficiency of the machine in stopping the clock is proved by the fact that every boy knows girls who have been 21 so often that, if they got a key each time, they could open a well-stocked locksmith's shop!

Girls (I'll still call 'em that, for want of a better name) are content to let time mark time thus — until they reach about the 30-year mark.

Then, as in driving a car in a built-up area, 30 is the limit. And females, like speedcops, make sure the limit is enforced.

Even though they aren't cheeky enough to pretend they're still 21, they're not licked.

Again the time machine comes to the rescue. For there's still the "reverse" lever and, truly, the reverse applies!

On her 30th birthday, a woman (I'm sorry, I just can't keep up this "girl" business any longer!) zooms back five years and has many happy returns — to 25!

At 31 she's 26 — and so on until, when she really reaches the gripe old age of the Roaring Forties, she slips back into the past, to 35, and starts all over again.

Well, I, for one, have run out of time.

I hope you time-machine operators aren't planning to take years off MY life — physically!

You wouldn't have the heart to harm a clean-cut, unspoilt young man, would you?

If you would, you're not invited to my 21st birthday party in 1960.

And 1961, and 1962, and 1963, and . . . !

— Robin Adair

REVIVE YOUR LOOKS

with these
jiffy hints
and notions

By Carolyn Earle

● Nothing spoils the fun of a last-minute date as much as the feeling that you're not looking your best. Here, then, to banish any such regrets, is a bevy of hints, reminders, and time-saving beauty tricks for the girl going places in a hurry.

The whole thing aims to show that, with just a few beauty boosters up your sleeve, you can still be a dazzler for even the most festive impromptu appointment.

DREARY-LOOKING COMPLEXION? Get a bowl of ice-cubes from the fridge, then quickly and thoroughly cleanse your skin with some cool milk or plain soap and water.

Next, rinse well with warm water, pat dry, and, to promote that well-known glow, skim the face and neck all over with cubes of ice (see picture below). Pay particular attention to the places where your skin seems to need most toning.

This simple treatment, which takes only a few minutes and costs almost nothing, will leave your complexion fresh, smooth, and really pepped-up. In hot weather it may be repeated whenever your face feels tired and hot.

LIKE A WAKE-UP BATH? Half-fill the tub with hot water and throw in some essence or foam. Make a cloud of suds, take your bath-brush and scrub all over from neck to toes. Now turn on cold tap, run water, and splash your face, neck, and chest.

Hop out as soon as the cold water nips you, rub down, spray with perfume mist, pat on dusting powder. You'll be in a glorious glow.

HAIR LANK AND GREASY? A nice hairdo makes all the difference to your looks, and the longer you can let it set the better.

But tackle it first with a hairbrush slipped into an old stocking. Brush vigorously, parting your hair at one-inch intervals as you go. The nylon will pick up lint and grime, giving your hair a thorough dry-cleaning. Keep moving the stocking to a fresh position after each part.

When there's almost no time at all

to set curls, dampen your hair with your favorite cologne or just brush the hair back hard all round for a couple of minutes, then LIFT it gently into place with your fingers instead of combing it, and spray lightly.

This idea presumes really expert cutting and shaping.

Alternatively, apply some spray on a brush held several inches away from the container, then brush the hair into place, bit by bit, spraying the brush as you go.

Take care to spray the brush lightly and distribute the fixative evenly on the hair strands.

MADDENING BLEMISH? At this stage all you can hope to do is cover it up. A spotstick will do it, or even a bit of white lipstick put on with a piece of cottonwool on the end of a match. Stipple it on sparingly—just enough to disguise the horrid flaw—smooth edges away to nothing, and powder thinly.

FINGERNAILS RAGGED? This needn't cramp your style, thanks to the artificial variety. Trim rough cuticles, apply the "falsies," and coat with fresh polish.

While nails dry, take a short catnap—10 minutes will do the trick—with the feet propped high. Close and cover the eyelids with two pads moistened with witch-hazel or just wrung out in ice water, and open them to fresh sparkle.





IAN CRAWFORD

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Supplement to The Australian — A Weekly — August 31, 1960

Frank Mackenzie

MPICS MME



Dawn Fraser

David Stone

Women's shot-put, qualifications and final.
Men's 200 metre heats and quarter-finals.
Men's hammer-throw, qualifications.
Women's 100 metre semi-finals and final.
Men's 400 metre hurdles final.
Men's 800 metre and 5000 metre finals.
20 kilometre road walk.
Boxing . . . Quarter-finals.

Rowing . . . Four oars with cox and four oars without cox semi-finals.
Pair oars with cox and pair oars without cox semi-finals.
Eight oars semi-finals.
Single sculls and double sculls semi-finals.

Basketball . . . Semi-finals.

Water Polo . . . Finals.

Yachting . . . Sailing of postponed or unsailed races.

Tenth day . . . Sept. 3

Swimming . . . 100 metre women's backstroke final and victory ceremony.
1500 metre men's freestyle final and victory ceremony.
4 x 100 metre women's freestyle relay final and victory ceremony.

Fencing . . . Women's foils, team, eliminations and final.

Wrestling . . . Freestyle.

Hockey . . . Eliminations.

Boxing and Basketball . . . Semi-finals.

Athletics . . . Women's discus-throw, qualifications.
Men's 110 metre hurdles heats.
Men's 400 metre heats and quarter-finals.
Women's 200 metre heats.
Men's 200 metre semi-finals and final.
Men's hammer-throw final.
Men's 3000 metre steeplechase final.
Men's 1500 metre heats.

Water Polo . . . Preliminary finals, final, and victory ceremony.

Rowing . . . Four oars with cox and four oars without cox finals.
Pair oars with cox and pair oars without cox finals.
Single sculls and double sculls finals.
Eight oars final.

Yachting . . . Sailing of postponed or unsailed races.

Eleventh day . . . Sept. 4

Yachting . . . Sailing of postponed or unsailed races.

Twelfth day . . . Sept. 5

Athletics . . . Men's pole vault, qualifications.
Men's Decathlon: 100 metres, long jump, shot-put, high jump, and 400 metres.
Men's 110 metre hurdles semi-finals and final.
Women's discus-throw final.

Men's 400 metre semi-finals.
Women's 200 metre semi-finals and final.

Equestrian Sports . . . Dressage Grand Prix.

Gymnastics . . . Compulsory exercises — Men (team competition and individual combined exercises).

Fencing . . . Epee, individual.

Hockey . . . Quarter-finals.

Wrestling . . . Freestyle.

Shooting . . . Free rifle final. Free pistol eliminations.

Boxing . . . Finals.

Football . . . Semi-finals.

Yachting . . . Fifth race.

Thirteenth day . . . Sept. 6

Athletics . . . Men's discus throw, qualifications.

Men's Decathlon: 110 metre hurdles, discus-throw, pole vault, javelin, and 1500 metres.

Men's hop, step, and jump, qualifications and final.

Women's 800 metre heats.

Men's 400 metre and 1500 metre finals.

Equestrian Sports . . . Three-day event: Dressage. Dressage Grand Prix.

Gymnastics . . . Compulsory exercises — Ladies (team competition and individual combined exercises).

Fencing . . . Epee, individual, eliminations and final.

Shooting . . . Free pistol final.

Wrestling . . . Freestyle.

Football . . . Semi-finals.

Yachting . . . Sixth race.

Fourteenth day . . . Sept. 7

Athletics . . . Men's javelin-throw, qualifications.

Women's high jump, qualifications.

4 x 400 metre men's relay heats and semi-finals.

Men's pole vault final.

50 kilometres road walk.

Men's discus-throw final.

4 x 100 metre women's relay heats.

4 x 100 metre men's relay heats.

Women's 800 metre final.

Equestrian Sports . . . Three-day event: Dressage. Jumping Grand Prix, individual: first and second rounds.

Gymnastics . . . Free exercises — Men (team competition and individual combined exercises).

Fencing . . . Sabre, individual.

Weightlifting . . . Bantamweight and featherweight.

Shooting . . . Small-bore rifle eliminations.

Hockey . . . Semi-finals.

Basketball . . . Finals.

Yachting . . . Seventh race.

Fifteenth day . . . Sept. 8

Athletics . . . Women's high jump final.

4 x 100 metre women's relay semi-finals and final.

4 x 100 metre men's relay semi-finals and final.

Men's javelin-throw final.

4 x 400 metre men's relay final.

Men's 10,000 metre final.

Equestrian Sports . . . Three-day event: Dressage.

Gymnastics . . . Free exercises — Ladies (team competition and individual combined exercises).

Fencing . . . Sabre, individual, eliminations and final.

Shooting . . . Small-bore rifle final. Automatic-pistol final. Clay pigeon shooting final: First round.

Weightlifting . . . Lightweight and middleweight.

Basketball . . . Finals.

Yachting . . . Sailing of postponed or unsailed races.

Sixteenth day . . . Sept. 9

Athletics . . . Marathon Race.

Equestrian Sports . . . Three-day event: Cross-country.

Fencing . . . Epee, teams, eliminations and final.

Shooting . . . Small-bore (prone), eliminations. Clay pigeon shooting final: Second round.

Weightlifting . . . Light-heavyweight and middle-heavyweight.

Hockey . . . Finals.

Gymnastics . . . Special women's competition on 4 apparatus.

Basketball . . . Finals.

Football . . . Final.

Yachting . . . Sailing of postponed or unsailed races.

Seventeenth day . . Sept. 10

Athletics . . . Marathon Race.

Fencing . . . Sabre, teams, eliminations and final.

Equestrian Sports . . . Three-day event: Jumping.

Shooting . . . small-bore rifle (prone) final.

Gymnastics . . . Special men's competition on 6 apparatus.

Basketball . . . Finals.

Football . . . Final.

Weightlifting . . . Heavyweight.

Eighteenth day . . . Sept. 11

Equestrian Sports . . . Jumping Grand Prix, teams: first and second rounds.

Closing Ceremony.



● The Rome Olympic Village (built to house athletes).



● The Sports Palace (boxing, gymnastics, and basketball).



● Interior of the indoor practice pool for swimmers.

Annals

Murray Rose

John Devitt

Dawn Fraser

**David Theile**

Gold medallist for the 100-metres backstroke event in the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, David has high hopes of repeating this effort in Rome. A medical student at the Queensland University, he's 6ft. 2in., weighs 13st. 1lb., and was 22 on January 17 this year.

Swimming sensations

● Australia's team of swimming sensations should, on their records, leave Rome with a batch of gold medals. On these pages are some of the 28 swimmers and four divers who comprise the team.

Rosemary Lassig

World-record holder for the 100yds. breaststroke, she hopes to bring Australia victory in the 200-metres event in Rome. This will be the first Olympic appearance of Rosemary, who comes from Bundaberg, Queensland. She's 5ft. 5in., weighs 9st. 9lb., was 19 on August 10.

**Marilyn Wilson**

National backstroke champion, Marilyn is one of two backstroke representatives in Australia's women's swim team. The other is the captain, Gergaynia Beckett. Marilyn, who is a Victorian, was 17 on July 14. She is 5ft. 3½in. and weighs 9st. 4lb. There are 12 girls in this Australian team of 28 world-class swimmers.

**Terry Gathercole**

A breaststroke champion, Terry was fourth in the 1956 Olympics. Since then he has broken four individual world records, and is regarded as one of Australia's best gold-medal prospects. He is 23, comes from West Wyalong, N.S.W., and is one of the swim team's two marrieds.

**David Dickson**

A freestyle swimmer, David is Australian University Champion for the 200- and 400-metre events. He swam into Olympic calculations during the national championships in February. David, who was 19 on February 2, lives in Bunbury, Western Australia, is 5ft. 11in., and weighs 13st. 1lb.

**Neville Hayes**

Holder of the world record for the men's 220yds. butterfly-stroke, Neville is another outstanding prospect for Rome honors. He started swimming this stroke in Sydney only last year, and just because "he liked the look of it." Since then he's rewritten the record books. Neville, who was 16 on December 2 last year, is 5ft. 11½in., weighs 11st. 8½lb.

Dale Krieg

A South Australian, Dale is one of Australia's strong brigade of women freestylers. Dale, who lives in Adelaide, was 17 on April 3, is 5ft. 6½in., and weighs 11st. 5lb. With the rest of the Olympic swim team Dale has spent eight pre-Olympic weeks training in Townsville.

**Dawn Fraser**

Australia's greatest hope in Rome, Dawn won two gold medals at the Melbourne Games, and hopes to do better this time. She holds four world records for freestyle events and one for butterfly. Originally from Sydney, she lives in Adelaide, will be 23 on September 4. Her height is 5ft. 8in., weighs 11st. 1lb.

**Lorraine Crapp**

Triple gold medallist at the Melbourne Games, freestyle champion Lorraine Crapp retired after the Cardiff Games in 1958, but made a comeback to win selection for Rome. She lives in Sydney, will be 22 on October 1, is 5ft. 5½in. tall, and weighs 10st. 6lb.

**Susan Knight**

The first woman ever chosen to represent Australia overseas as a diver, Susan has gained pre-Olympic experience in America. Her grace as a diver has been helped by her grace as a qualified ballet dancer and teacher. A Sydney girl of 18, she's 5ft. 4½in. tall, and weighs 9st. 5lb.

**Barry Holmes**

The national high-board diving champion, 24-year-old Barry is a member of the four-strong diving team for Rome. A Sydney boy, he competed in the Melbourne Games in 1956. He also represented Australia at the World Games in Moscow in 1957.



John Devitt

Captain of men's swim team, John (left of group) holds world 100yds. freestyle record, was a member of Australia's gold-medal relay team in 1956. He's from Sydney, stands 6ft. 1 1/2 in., weighs 13st. 4lb., and was 23 on February 4.

Murray Rose

A distance swimmer from Sydney, Murray (centre, standing) was a triple gold medalist at the Melbourne Games. He's 6ft. 1in., weighs 13st. 12lb., and was 21 on January 6. He or Konrads is expected to take the distance honors.

John Konrads

World-record holder for the 400 metres and 1500 metres, John (right of group) is one of Australia's major hopes. John and his sister Ilse were born in Latvia, live in Sydney. He is 5ft. 10 1/2 in., weighs 13st. 7lb., and was 18 on May 21.

Jon Henricks

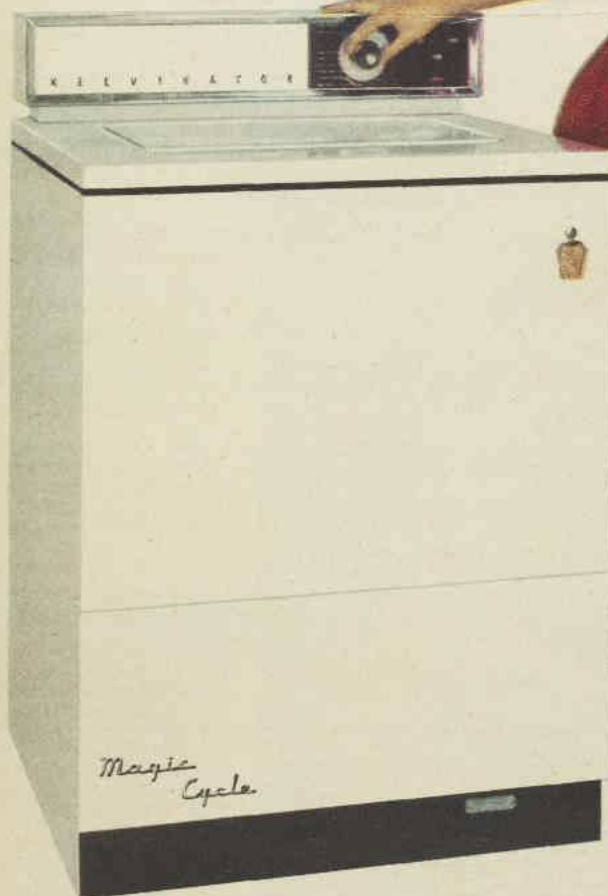
A sprint star, Jon (seated) won the 100-metres freestyle event at the Melbourne Games. He's 6ft. 1in., weighs 12st. 6lb., and was 25 on June 6. Like Murray Rose, he has interrupted a TV course at a Californian university for the Olympics.

Live the way you'd *love* to live . . .

Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer does everything but the ironing . . .

This is the world's most **advanced** washer . . . you just **dial and disappear!** This is the machine that **mothers** you. You don't have to play nursemaid waiting for cycles to end, twisting and pulling dials every few minutes. You're as free as a bird . . . spending your time living the way you'd **love** to live! Your Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer washes 3 ways, rinses 4 times and spin dries—all with one simple dial setting! You can do a complete family wash in just one minute of your time. And, your clothes are left clean, soft . . . lint-free, thanks to the exclusive Kelvinator Filter Fountain. See a complete demonstration soon. Begin to live the way you'd **love** to live! **Model W69, 199 gns.** **Model W89, with Magic Cycle Pump, 218 gns.**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1960

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

Sir Reginald has always been very considerate towards his staff. I gather he's gone back to the Embassy now to make a personal call to her mother. It will be a great shock, I'm afraid," Stewart added with relish. "Her face, I hear, is horribly mutilated."

"That doesn't sound like the Ambassador I've heard about," one of the visiting correspondents said suspiciously. "I got the impression he wouldn't care if his entire staff were swallowed up in an earthquake."

"And if it's just an ordinary accident, as you say, why are you hanging about for so long, Ferguson?" fired another.

Stewart looked pained. "Miss Marsh is a personal friend of mine. Naturally I'm very concerned, too."

"Uh-huh. Well, I don't suppose you'll mind if we stay here and keep you company. You might want to borrow our handkerchiefs."

When his first story collapsed, Stewart invented others to dissuade the newcomers from taking up permanent positions on the staircase, ably seconded by the early arrivals, who had, by this time, improved and extended the game.

"The flat belongs to two of the Chancery guards. And last night—you know how it is in Moscow, old boy—they were pretty bored and went down to the Metropole for a couple of drinks.

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"I guess the vodka was a bit stronger than they thought, and it finished up with one of them hurling an inkwell at the manager of the restaurant and the other one—an Irishman called O'Flaherty—taking a swipe at the Red Army."

"It developed into a bit of a brawl, and both of them have been given the boot by the Soviet authorities. Naturally

Spots of paint on tiles can be removed easily with a cloth dipped in nail-polish remover.

they can't leave their flat or they might be arrested. So old Sir Reggie, in the most frightful temper—you've probably heard how uncontrollable he's supposed to be at times—came round here to tell them off in person. There's really nothing to it, old chap. If you want to cut along and have your lunch, I'll cover this little story for you."

They let their imaginations run riot, and rumors flew from group to group, gaining in momentum and detail, until the latest arrivals refused to believe anything, and sat stolidly on the bottom stairs, obstinate

in their determination to stay and discover the truth.

"I hear it's the most frightful black-market deal. The accountant from the Embassy has been using subsidised Government roubles to finance some sort of dollar exchange with Swiss francs and German East marks. Shocking case of embezzlement with half the Embassy concerned in it. The loot's all supposed to be in this flat, you see, and Sir Reggie had to come and see it for himself before making his report. It's going to rock the Foreign Office sky-high. I don't know that I'll stay. There's probably more to be picked up at the Embassy."

"So it's nothing to do with Miss Bagshot?"

"Miss Bagshot? Whatever gave you that idea? Some people round here just have one-track minds. This story is bigger than that stale old Bagshot case. This is real news."

Inside the flat the constant hum of conversation outside sounded as though a particularly lively cocktail party was in progress. Occasionally it was reinforced by prolonged peals on the doorbell when the Press contingent felt in need of diversion. But as the door remained shut against these appeals, they finally settled down to monotonous SOS morse messages on the bell every ten minutes as a reminder that they were still there.

The agencies and those correspondents who were fortunate enough to have assistants maintained their pickets in relays, spreading confusion on their return by relating tempting news items that were developing in other quarters of Moscow. The others made out as best they could, cadging cups of tea or entire meals, according to their persuasive talents, from Jackie's diplomatic neighbors, who had to fight their way into their own flats when they arrived home for lunch.

NONE of this commotion had the slightest effect on Miss Bagshot's nerves.

She sat calmly doing her knitting while Jackie and Humphrey played endless games of patience and quarrelled between themselves. She agreed with Jackie that the present situation made it impossible for her to leave the flat for perhaps several days; but she refused to be convinced by Humphrey's arguments that the problem would only be solved by her deciding to return with him to England.

"Nonsense," she said, clicking her needles together. "They can't stay out there on the stairs forever. After a few days they're bound to give up. And I shall be able to get on with my own plans."

During the afternoon the correspondents, out of sheer boredom, added to their barrage by shouting messages and warnings through the door.

"The block's on fire. You'll have to get out quick."

"Here's Sir Reginald again. At least let him in."

About six o'clock Stewart Ferguson persuaded one of the neighbors to allow the use of his phone, and made several facetious calls before Jackie left her receiver permanently off the hook.

Strangely enough, it was Jackie who began to show strain under the enforced siege. Where Miss Bagshot, in the patient wisdom of age, and Humphrey, in natural temperament, could have been selected as perfect prototypes for

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Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 41

holding a position indefinitely, Jackie's quicksilver personality was frustrated by this inactivity in the cramped quarters of her small flat.

"It would be different if the correspondents would go away tomorrow," she fumed. "But Stewart's story will be in the 'Guardian' in the morning, so they'll all know Miss Bagshot is here then, instead of still guessing."

"I dare say they'll know fairly conclusively tonight, when I have to push through them to get back to the Metro-pole. So far even Ferguson doesn't know I'm in here, too," Humphrey reasoned.

"You could use the back staircase perhaps," Jackie suggested. "It doesn't lead anywhere because that side door at the bottom is only used by the janitors for collecting rubbish and locked again every morning. But all the kitchen doors lead out there. You could get into the kitchen of the ground-floor flat and let yourself out one of the windows facing the courtyard. Now who is it lives in that ground-floor flat?"

Jackie half closed her eyes in an effort to think, but her face fell as she remembered, and announced in a tone of utter defeat: "Herb Wilson, the Reuter correspondent. There's no use trying to turn him into an ally."

But while they were doing the washing-up she returned to the idea again, and said there could be no harm in investigating.

"You never know, his kitchen door might be on the latch. I don't bolt my own very often."

Neither Miss Bagshot nor Humphrey took more than an academic interest in Jackie's new schemes for active intrigue. They were content to let matters drift along with the passive acceptance they had shown all day. But they did not try to restrain her when she slid back the bolt on the kitchen door and crept quietly down the narrow, unlit back stairs.

She was gone for perhaps ten minutes and, when she returned, her eyes gleamed with a new spark of excitement.

"It's just too easy. There were voices from the kitchen when I first arrived, so I waited until I heard footsteps going down the passage. Then I tried the door and it simply pushed open. The front door's open, too, and you can see right down the hall passage from the kitchen."

"I think Herby Wilson must be holding a sort of open house for the rest of the correspondents. Quite decent of him, really. There's a whole group of them playing poker or something in the sitting-room—anyway, the noise from there is terrific. Nobody would hear a thing going on in the kitchen."

"So why couldn't we all escape out the window?" she concluded. "There's only a tiny little jump from the sill, Miss Bagshot, and I dare say Humphrey could go first and lift you out."

"And where," demanded Humphrey, pouring a disappearing jet of cold water on to the scheme, "are you proposing we would all escape to?"

Jackie shot him an impatient look.

"You could go back to the hotel and I could take Miss Bagshot to church. That's what you want to do eventually, isn't it? Well, let's do it tonight! There's no sense in hanging about this flat just killing time."

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Jackie's swift changes of mood were most bewildering; but the cumulative effect was contagious. Humphrey could see that his aunt's resolve was beginning to weaken under this new temptation. He started to protest, and received a vicious pinch from Jackie, who pushed him into the sitting-room, while Miss Bagshot stood, still undecided, in the hallway.

"Can't you see it's the very thing?" she demanded, pulling the door closed behind them and leaving Miss Bagshot alone to make up her mind. "I don't honestly know what to expect. But I told you last night—and



"Here they come! Quick now—go stand between the knives like I said."

I meant it—that second meetings with Soviet acquaintances are never the same. I've been disillusioned by them hundreds of times, and it's not too much to hope that Miss Bagshot will be this time. You know it's only actual personal experience which convinces her. Your arguments won't get anywhere. So give this scheme a chance. It can't lead to any harm."

Before Humphrey could reply Miss Bagshot's head, topped by her old-fashioned felt hat, thrust itself in at the door.

"Well, Jackie, if you're coming to church with me, don't stand there arguing with Humphrey. It's already getting late, and even the bus ride takes twenty minutes."

Jackie flew into the hallway with a triumphant backward smirk at Humphrey.

"Of course I'm ready."

"I'm coming, too," Humphrey said with hopeless but dogged resolution.

THEY left all the lights burning in the flat and wedged the kitchen door to make it appear bolted.

There was a loud uproar in the kitchen of the ground-floor flat, but Jackie took it as a propitious sign. "If they're in there now they'll hardly come back again for hours. We've only to wait a few minutes and the whole operation will be absolutely plain sailing."

Certainly the owner of the kitchen seemed to be of the same opinion as Jackie.

"Now you can all get back to your beats on the staircase," he was telling his guests loudly. "You've looked in the refrigerator and there's no more beer. What do you think this is anyway, a free cellar?"

Their voices faded as they trooped out down the hall. The footsteps died away, and there was only the distant buzz of their conversation from the sitting-room.

Jackie waited a minute longer and cautiously opened the door a few inches. She glanced down the hallway, made a quick but thorough survey of the kitchen, and turned back to Humphrey and

Miss Bagshot in the shadows behind her.

"Humphrey, you'd better go first. There's a chair just beside the refrigerator. Pull that across to the window and unfasten the bolts. When you've jumped down, wait for Miss Bagshot to follow. You can climb on to the sill from the chair. Miss Bagshot, so it won't be at all difficult. But if someone is walking about outside, Humphrey, give a couple of taps on the window so we'll know not to follow. I'll come last, putting the chair back and pulling the window closed behind me."

A few seconds later Humphrey had the kitchen chair in position and was struggling with the heavy bolts on the large double windows. The bottom ones gave way easily, but the high bolts, just within his reach, were rusty and obstinate. The fanlight, hinged into the top pane and the only part of the window ever opened in winter, caught against his shoulder, almost overbalancing him. He could have hoisted himself through that easily enough, but it was too high for Miss Bagshot. He banged it closed and steadied one foot against the central-heating radiator to reach the top bolt.

"Somebody's coming," warned Jackie in a hoarse whisper, closing the door and leaving Humphrey to his fate.

He threw a despairing look around the kitchen, leaped from the chair, and scrambled under the kitchen table as he heard footsteps along the hall.

It was the flimsiest of hiding places. A bucket, several tins of detergent, a scrubbing brush, and a pair of maid's worn slippers were his only camouflage if anyone glanced towards the table legs.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Humphrey saw the bottom half of the intruder hesitating by the door and fumbling for the light switch. A sigh of relief almost escaped him. This was not Herb Wilson, the Reuter correspondent, who would presumably know where everything was or should be in his own kitchen.

In the dim glow from the hall light, Humphrey saw the trouser legs move forward in the direction of the stove. There they hesitated as their owner felt about, searching for something. Then they moved back to the door again and, somewhere above his head, Humphrey heard a disgruntled shout.

"Hey, Herb, where the heck did you say those matches were?"

"On the stove," Herb yelled down the corridor.

"They're not."

"Near it then. You'll see 'em somewhere."

"I can't find the blasted light switch."

"It's right outside the door, you bat."

Humphrey drew back as far as he could against the wall, flinching as the harsh electric light blazed suddenly in every corner of the kitchen.

It must have illuminated the elusive matchbox as well. The trouser legs made a brief and triumphant excursion across the kitchen and vanished out of the door without their owner appearing to glance in Humphrey's direction. The light went off and Humphrey found himself blinking in the semi-darkness.

"O.K.," whispered Jackie, opening the door again.

"Just." He felt his way back to the chair and climbed on to the radiator again. This time he threw all his weight against the window and felt the bolt slip down almost before he had

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Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 42

touched it and found himself
looking down into the asphalt
ward a few feet below.

There were lights in the
doorways of the three main
staircases and another over the
tunnel of the archway. Voices
carried on the still night air,
but whether they were inside
the block or outside he could
not tell. There was nobody in
sight and he jumped.

It seemed only a second or
two later before Miss Bagshot
followed him. While he was
lifting her carefully from the
sill Jackie accomplished her
rearguard action and closed the
tail windows behind her.

"There's not much wind,
luckily," she said, balancing on
the outer ledge, looking up at
the stars and surveying the few
motionless clouds in so normal
and unhurried a fashion that
Humphrey wanted to shake her.
"The windows shouldn't blow
open before we get back."

He set Miss Bagshot on her
feet and held up an arm to
Jackie, but she had already
bent down, bracing her hands
on the ledge, and jumped
lightly down beside them.

"You all right, Miss Bagshot?
Keep your face turned and
walk on the other side of
Humphrey as we pass the
militiaman. I dare say he'll
recognise you, anyway, but
there's no sense in looking for
trouble."

Jackie set a quick pace
through the archway, called a
cheerful good evening to the
saluting militiaman, and turned
right towards the bus stop.
There was no queue at this
hour of the night and they
boarded the first bus which
came along.

"Don't look now," Jackie
said as she drew back to let
Miss Bagshot pass down the
aisle of the bus. "But there's
a friend getting on behind us
— the one with the slouch hat,
thick-soled shoes and grey
gabardine raincoat. I won't say
anything to Miss Bagshot. It
might only worry her."

"You mean he's following
us?"

"Like a limpet. He hasn't
looked at us once and that's a
sure sign. I've been followed
all round the markets in Samar-
kand and Bokhara, and the only
way I could tell—aside from
their clothes which are almost
a uniform—was that everyone
else stared at me all the time
and whoever was tailing me for
the day just strode past with-
out one glance. It's evidently
one of the main points in their
training course."

JACKIE went to
sit at the front beside Miss
Bagshot and Humphrey scruti-
nised the other passenger as he
waited beside the conductress
to buy their tickets. He was a
square, stolid young man with
heavy black shoes, a prominent
wristwatch, and an expression
of such complete blankness that
Humphrey was seized with a
wild desire to stand on his head
just to observe whether the
poker face was capable of a
mild show of interest.

When he moved down the
bus to join Jackie and Miss
Bagshot, Humphrey took up a
sideways position in the seat
behind them, his arm stretched
along the back of the leather
seat so he could glance back-
wards without having to turn
round and confront their fol-
lower too obviously. But the
impassive young man slipped
into a seat at the back of the
bus and spent the entire jour-
ney gazing fixedly out of the
window.

All the same he alighted with
them at the terminus and made
off in the opposite direction
from the one Miss Bagshot in-

dictated, waving her hand to-
wards the domes of the church
and leading Humphrey and
Jackie down a street of shops
and up a steep and muddy
little path which branched off
it.

"That's all perfectly nor-
mal," said Jackie, observing
Humphrey's surprise as he
peered after the coat-tails of
their pursuer vanishing round

● To make floor-polish
go further apply it with
a damp cloth. Leave it
for 20 minutes before
rubbing.

the corner of a small suburban
bakery.

"He'll wait round that cor-
ner until we're out of sight and
then come on, keeping a street
away from us all the time. It's
part of the system. We're not
supposed to know we're being
followed."

They had fallen a little be-
hind Miss Bagshot as they
climbed the slippery narrow
path.

"But isn't all this going to
be rather dangerous for her
friends?" protested Humphrey,
watching his aunt's straight
back toiling up the slope ahead

of them. "Surely he'll make a
report and they'll get into
trouble, won't they?"

"They're probably already in
trouble. If she's being followed
tonight, it's pretty certain she
was followed last night. But
there's not much we can do
about it now. Let's wait and
see."

Jackie quickened her steps
and caught up with Miss Bag-
shot. They arrived together
on the flat piece of ground at
the top of the hill with the
church rising up in front of
them beyond the crumbling
stone walls that had once sur-
rounded it.

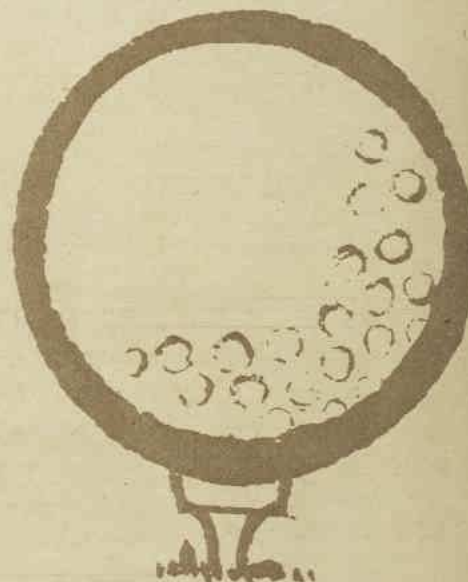
It was Jackie who noticed
the two militiamen standing
guard in the shadows by the
door of the church. Miss Bag-
shot had already led them
through a gap in the wall and
was advancing eagerly towards
the church when Jackie put
out a restraining arm and whis-
pered, "I don't really think
we should go any further, Miss
Bagshot."

By this time Humphrey's
eyes had become accustomed
to the pale moonlight, dimmed
by the church walls and the
surrounding trees, and he, too,
could make out the shapes of
two militiamen with their jack
boots, peaked caps, and gun
holsters swinging from their
belts.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Miss

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1960

Don't shoot the teacher— she's doing her best

By DULCIE BLAKEY

● Little Johnny may describe his teacher as the fiercest dragon—my schoolboy sons do. But when I returned to a teaching job recently, I found another side to the picture.

FOR now I realise that nearly every child has a wealth of dramatic talent that makes Sir Laurence Olivier look like a pathetic amateur.

They fly home from school where's Mum? ... then off they go into a meaty five-act drama about their school day.

As they warm up to the subject, the teacher becomes a villain or a saint.

"Gosh, Mum, you should have seen her.

"She screamed at me. Her eyes were flashing. Talk about a super temper!

"I was scared stiff.

"And all because I said 'Excuse me' when I accidentally touched Priscilla's hair with a ruler."

Since I returned to the world of chalk and blackboards I have been less inclined to cluck with sympathetic horror at the highly

colored pictures of teachers my own boys produce.

The goodies are veritable Sir Galahads and Wyatt Earps. They can do everything—swim, sail boats, play football, breed dogs, make television sets, and give "beaut" lessons.

But the baddies—they strap, they yell, they don't know anything, and are grumpy.

And I've noted that the same mild, ordinary teacher can be a Davy Crockett one day and a Frankenstein the next—it just depends on what happened in the classroom.

When I'm teaching, and ask for help with costumes for a school play, my appeal goes like this:

"If you bring your games rompers tomorrow, we can use them for Elizabethan pants. Perhaps you have an old beret that Mum doesn't

want. That would make a dashing Elizabethan hat."

However, my boys dash home with a message like:

"Teacher says we have to have 60-gauge wire, long-nosed pliers, a bodkin, and silver-paper cut-outs. If we don't get them by tomorrow we'll get the strap."

Angry mothers

Outraged, I am just ready to begin: "Well, you tell teacher . . ."

Then I remember that somewhere a stern little schoolgirl is probably dishing out this ultimatum to an angry mother:

"Teacher says we have to have shoes with buckles, a plumed hat, slashed rompers in green and gold. Oh, yes, gauntlets, too. She wants them by tomorrow."

Another thing:

If there's a school test on the horizon, there'll be more headaches and sick turns than in a Victorian novel.

Surrounded by loving friends, an "invalid" totters to the sick-room — till the lunch bell rings, when she hurtles off her bed of pain and out to the playground.

But, in the final wash-up after exams, Little Johnny and Little Mary get off very

lightly. All the blame is laid at teacher's door.

Letters from parents flow thick and fast: "Where are the teachers who can inspire their pupils?"

"School projects are a refuge for the lazy teacher."

"I read all the classics before I was 10, but my child reads only Enid Blyton."

One thing a certain type of Little Mary never misses is the title of teacher's book.

She is not content with the class textbook, but speeds home with the news of yet another book needed.

When teacher sails in with "The Psychology of French Teaching in the Modern School," Little Mary is gazing smugly at her own book.

The lesson is like cold rice pudding, for Little Mary knows it all.

As her mother says over the back fence: "Why, my Mary loves French. What big books the poor mite has to read. The last one was so very expensive. The teacher said she must have it."

There are many problems when Little Mary steers her frail craft on the sea of learning.

And one of the toughest is what to put on her report.

I know so much about her.

For instance, I remember her reading "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows" so beautifully that moonlight seemed to shine.

Yet she wrote in her exam paper, "All the pheasants went to church in the Middle Ages."

Ah, me. Too many teachers have said: "Mary has been trying this term."



Man
in
Apron
by

Carty

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"Punch"

MOTHERCRAFT

● A free leaflet giving suggestions for the school lunch-box, with a variety of nutritious fillings for sandwiches, tasty little salads, home-made biscuits (with recipes), and other foods used in the well-known Oslo lunch, is always available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4689, G.P.O., Sydney. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when ordering.

Coopers' *

GUIDE TO FATHER TYPES

Which type is your Dad?



Is he the ACTIVE type?

Fond of his sport? Always on the go? For Father's Day, he's sure to appreciate Jockey brand "short" or the "Jockeyette" (nylon brief).



Is he the QUIET type?

Likes to relax? Doesn't have much "small talk." The Jockey brand "BOXER" or "MIDWAY" are sure to be his choice.



Is he the GENIAL type?

With a ready smile? Happy-go-lucky? Any style of Jockey brand will please this kind of father, but try the Jockey "SHORT."



Is he the PROGRESSIVE type?

Moves with the times? Thinks and acts as you do? "Jockeyette," the stretch nylon briefs will be for him.



Is he the STERN type?

Maybe even strict, but lovable just the same? Choose either the Jockey "SHORT" or "BOXER" style.



Is he the CONSERVATIVE type?

Pretty set in his ways but very fond of comfort. For this kind of father the Jockey "BOXER" or "MIDWAY."

All fathers like **Jockey**

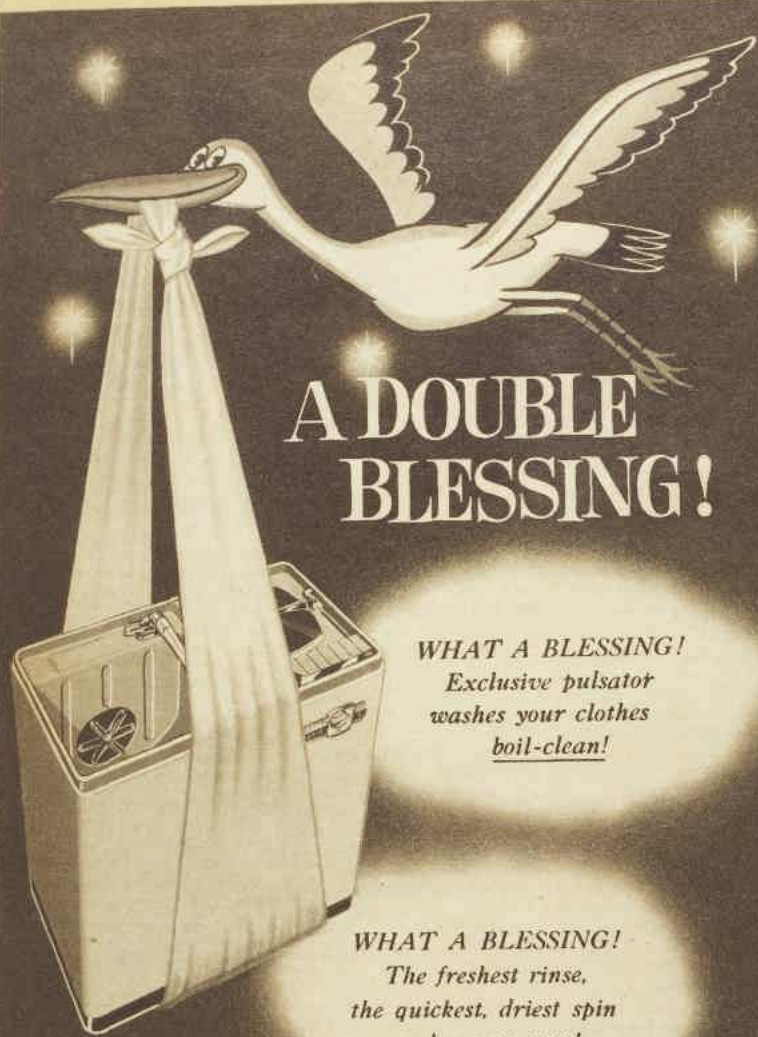
UNDERWEAR by Coopers *

A Day to remember... Father's Day (SEPT. 4)



JOCKETTE SHORT BOXER MIDWAY ATHLETIC AND T-SINGLET

* Manufactured in Australia by the House of Speedo to the exact world-wide specifications of Coopers Inc., U.S.A.



A DOUBLE BLESSING!

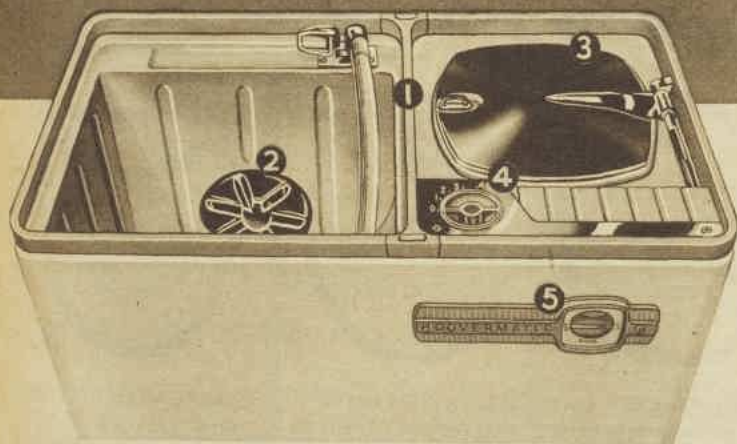
WHAT A BLESSING!
Exclusive pulsator
washes your clothes
boil-clean!

WHAT A BLESSING!
The freshest rinse,
the quickest, driest spin
you've ever seen!

Every feature
saves you work with the

TWIN-TUB HOOVERMATIC WASHER

reg. trade mark



1 Twin tubs for twice the speed. While one load is being washed, another is fresh-rinsed, spin-dried. No time lost for you!

2 Hoovermatic's exclusive "Boiling Action" Pulsator washes a full load of whites boil-clean in just four minutes (one minute does woollens)!

3 Extra speedy rinse and spin-dry fresh-rinses a full washload at once. The thorough spin-drying dries many items ready to iron.

4 Automatic timer and spin-drier switch stops washing action when wash is at its cleanest. Spin-drier stops when you open the lid—so safe!

5 Hoovermatic washer with heater. It heats the water right to boiling point, right in the washing tub. Cost? ... just a few pounds more. Ask your Hoover Retailer.

THE PRICE IS A BLESSING, TOO—ONLY 126 GUINEAS.
HEATER MODEL 7 GNS. EXTRA. EASY TERMS, OF COURSE.



● *Epidendrum*
O'Brienianum,
geraniums, and
sedums at the
David Jamiesons'
home, Hunter's
Hill, N.S.W.

Window flowers

● Window-box flower gardens, well planted and well cared for, make a splash of lively color for a house or flat.

IF the sill outside a window is too narrow for a window-box a group of pot-plants can effectively decorate an indoor sill.

Specially designed concrete boxes and boxes of stone or brick are more durable than the popular wooden boxes.

Wooden boxes should be made of stout wood, preferably one-inch thick

GARDENING

and given several coats of paint both inside and outside to preserve the timber.

They are best painted white or a light color outside to deflect heat — one of the greatest hazards to good growth.

Window-boxes should be planted with as much care as a garden bed.

A good soil mixture is two parts good loamy garden soil, one part old well-rotted leaf mould or finely sieved old cow manure, one part sand.

Geraniums are favorites with most window-box gardeners. Once established, they thrive happily, providing almost year-round color.

A combination of plants is effective — for instance, geraniums, lobelia, petunias, phlox, and ivy.

Other suggestions are heliotrope, portulaca, Bellis perennis, dianthus, herbs, some varieties of fuchsia, polyanthus, Primula obconica, miniature roses, saxifraga, violas, tulips, daffodils.



● Trailing geraniums brighten this facade. Geraniums, once planted and established, need less care than most plants.

● If the sill isn't broad enough for a window-box, group pot-plants inside. Below: Coleus at the windows of Miss M. Coleman, of Bondi, N.S.W.



RICH PRIZES

• A £500 bursary for secondary-school education, as well as £1005 cash and "dream" prizes every year till the age of 12, await the lucky young winner of this nationwide contest to find a typical Australian baby.

THE bursary will be paid by H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., after the winner reaches the age of 12, as fees to any secondary school nominated by the winner's parents.

In all, £2860 in cash will be awarded to prizewinners in all States. These cheques will be handed to the winners' mothers when results are known.

The National Baby Contest is a search not for a mere pretty-pretty baby, but for a good-looking, well-adjusted, healthy child, with the best physical attributes.

In the early stages, each of 24 areas throughout Australia will be judged in three age groups: (1) Up to six months; (2) 7-12 months; (3) 13-18 months.

THE PRIZES:—

£5 cash to each area age-group winner.
£250 cash to each State prizewinner (chosen from among area prizewinners).

£750 cash to the first national prizewinner; "dream" gifts suited to the child's age every Christmas till the age of 12; and then the bursary for secondary-school education. £150 cash to the second national winner, and £100 cash to the third.

National winners, chosen from the State winners, will already have won £250 State and £5 area prizes, so their total cash prizes are: First, £1005; second, £405; third, £355.

HOW TO ENTER:—

Send a snapshot or photograph of your baby to the address shown in the entry form (at right), to reach there not later than September 23.

A properly filled in entry form must be securely fixed to the back of the photograph, which should be full length and show face and physique clearly.

Any size of photograph is eligible, but a minimum size of five inches by three inches is recommended to aid judging.

All area judging, and in Tasmania State judging, is by photograph.

H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd. will pay expenses for other State finalists and their mothers to go to their capital city to compete in person for their State prize, and for State winners to come to Sydney to compete for the national prizes.

The national judges are two child specialists and the matron of a large obstetrics hospital.

State winners will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly, November 2; the national winners in the November 16 issue. Details of State and National Baby Days were published in last week's issue.

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest will close with the last mail on September 23. Entries must be posted to arrive at National Baby Contest, Box 7074, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries will be considered after this date.

2. Each entry will be judged on physical development as well as appearance.

3. All photographs become the property of H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and will be returned, but no responsibility will be accepted.

4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. Area prizewinners will be notified by mail immediately after judging. The State finalists will be notified by phone or telegram.

6. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and agencies associated with the contest are not eligible to enter.

7. The State finalists to be available in respective State capitals from October 14 to October 19. Each State winner to be available in Sydney from October 30 to November 9. Expenses covering this trip, including air fares and first-class accommodation for mother and child, will be paid by the Heinz Company.

NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

Organised by
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

in conjunction with the
H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.



ENTRY FORM

AGE GROUP ☐ up to 6 months ☐ 7 to 12 months ☐ 13 to 18 months
at time of entry (tick correct group).

PLEASE PRINT:

Child's Surname _____

Child's Christian Name _____

Sex _____

Date of Birth _____

Weight at Birth _____

Weight at Present _____

Length at Birth _____

Length at Present _____

Date of Entry _____

Mother's Name (surname last) _____

Address _____ State _____

Address all entries to: NATIONAL BABY CONTEST,
BOX 7074, G.P.O., SYDNEY,
N.S.W.

Important

This form must be securely fixed to
back of photograph before forwarding.

Girls are cattier than cats!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and

tooth decay. Protect your teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

FOR WHITE TEETH
AND FRESH BREATH... MORE
PEOPLE BUY COLGATE
THAN ANY OTHER
DENTAL CREAM
IN THE WORLD!



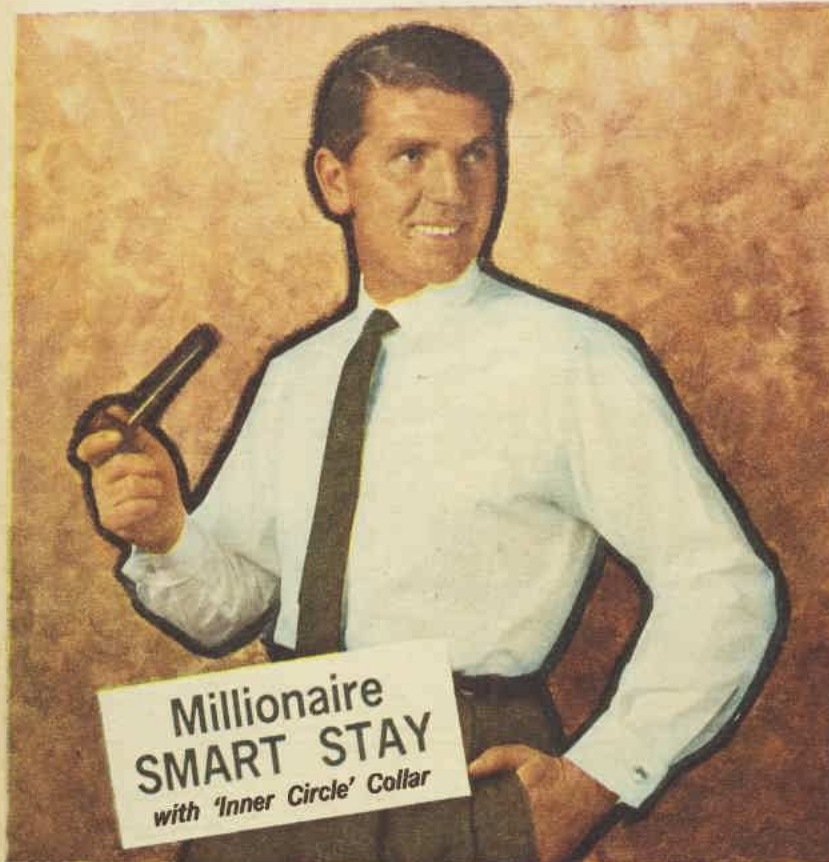
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

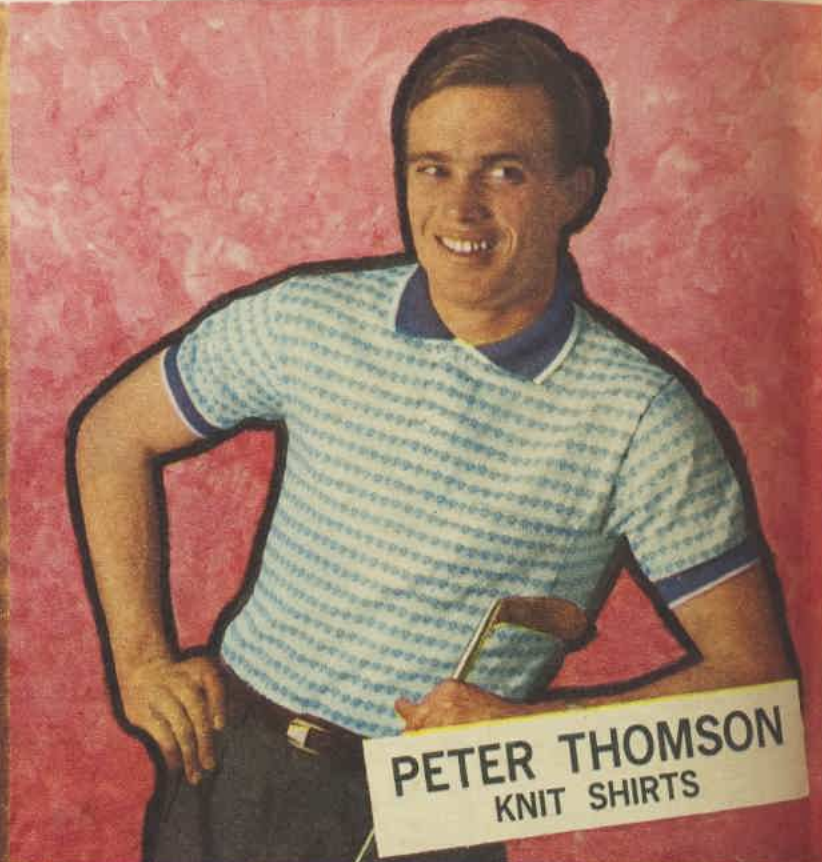
Just one brushing with COLGATE
✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2

Pamper Dad with these wonderful **HOLE**

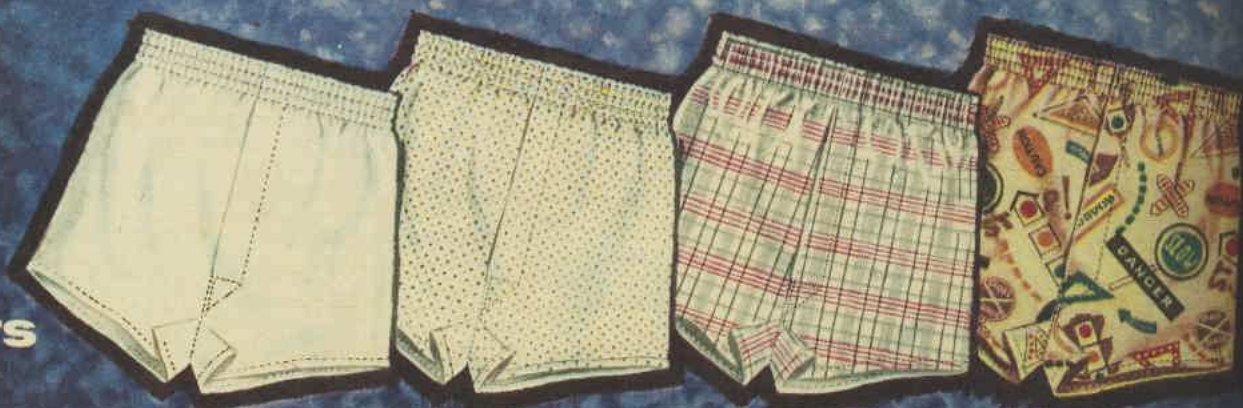


**Millionaire
SMART STAY**
with 'Inner Circle' Collar



**PETER THOMSON
KNIT SHIRTS**

**GAY,
COLORFUL**
P.T.U.'s
UNDERSHORTS



• **MILLIONAIRE SMART STAY**

With exclusive Inner Circle comfort collar.

The smartest, most comfortable collar he's ever worn—exclusive Inner Circle seam-free collar! He'll be free forever from tight-fitting, chafing, binding neckbands. Inner Circle is cut and stitched with scientific precision from one piece of cloth. It won't shrink or distort out of shape! Inner Circle stays smart, feels comfortable always. Terylene stripes, checks and white, 79/6; stripes and checks, 49/6; business white, plain colours, 43/6.

• **P.T.U.'s—checks, stripes, plains and white**

Dad's favourite P.T.U.'s in a bigger-than-ever range of patterns and colours and in white. Comfortable, roomy, balloon seat, elastic waistband. Perfect underwear for modern men, 12/6.

• **PETER THOMSON KNIT SHIRTS**

Dad will love to relax in his Peter Thomson shirt of rich, super-soft knitted cotton. Casual, comfortable, cool as a breeze. Dashing two-button collar... banded sleeves... handy breast pocket. Wide range of colours and patterns in knitted cotton, 49/11; also in Terylene-cotton at slightly higher price.

• **Bright, Breezy Summer Nighters**

So light... so cool... so comfortable. Casually styled Summer Nighters in easy-care no-iron cotton. Choose his favorite colors in spots, novelty prints, 39/6.



AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE

gifts he can wear!

PROOF

YEAR
OF THE
NEW



A

S-T-R-E-T-C-H
ZEALONS



B

• LONG WEARING

• SHRINKPROOF

• NEVER NEED
DARNING

• MACHINE
WASHABLE



C



D



E



F



G



H

• STRETCH ZEALONS

Top favorite with Australian men in Holeproof Stretch Zealons — the sock that stretches to fit all sizes, stays up neatly all day long. Choose from the widest range of styles, patterns and colors in Australia, including the new 'burnished tones' — all guaranteed shrinkproof, machine-washable, and free from darning. 11/9

• NEW SOX AND TIE SET

Holeproof Gift Duo Sox & Tie Set... for the fashion-wise man. His favorite stretch Zealons with perfectly matching modern narrow tie. Styles to suit your man's taste — stripes, checks, plain bold colors, in modern and conventional designs. 27/6.



A NEW FOUR-COLOR JACQUARD. B MODERN SIDE-PANEL DESIGNS.
C WHITE BLAZER-STRIPED CREW SOCK. D DISTINCTIVE EMBOSSED PATTERNS.
E RIBBED STYLE WITH TEXTURED SIDE-PANEL.

F SELF-PATTERNED FANCY RIB.
G CREWS WITH A DIFFERENCE — CENTRE STRIPES!
H RIBBED STYLE WITH STRIPES IN BOLD COLORS.

THINGS TO WEAR...



HOLEPROOF

3-bedroom house:

RANCH-STYLE DESIGN

● A steeply pitched roof is a feature of this week's Home Plan, No. 907 in our series. It has been designed under the direction of two experienced architects.

THERE are three large, spacious bedrooms which open on to the garden. A screen separating the entrance and terrace gives privacy to the bedrooms at the front of the house.

A large living-room, 20ft. by 12ft. 6in., opens on to a paved terrace, ideal for summer entertaining. There is ample storage space throughout—cloak cupboard, built-in wardrobes in all the bedrooms, and plenty of cupboard space in the kitchen.

In our illustration, a table has been placed in a utility area of 9ft. by 9ft. This could double as a play area for children in wet weather or as a sewing-room.

The bathroom, laundry, and kitchen have been placed close together to save on plumbing costs; and the toilet, though forming part of the whole bathroom area, has been closed off by a wall.

This home could be placed across a wide block or lengthwise on a narrow site. If you decide to build in timber, it would cost from £3750-£4450 and would cover an area of

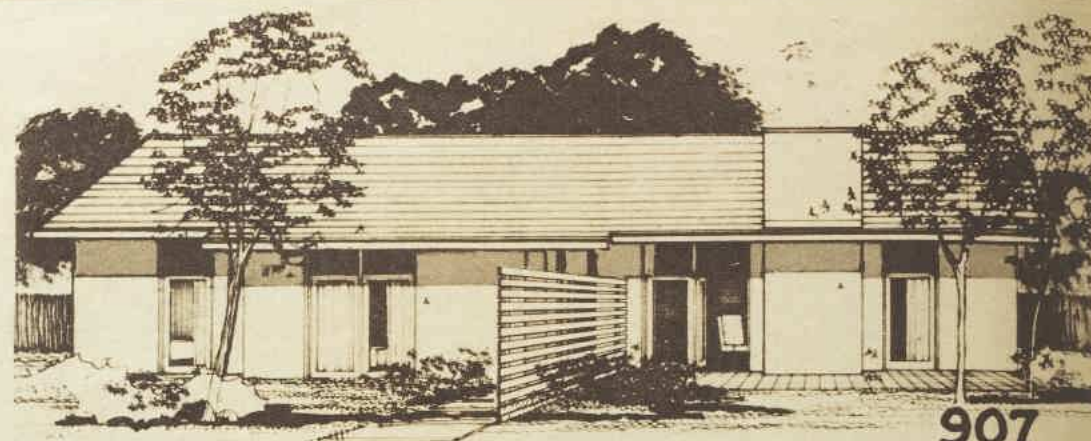
11.8 squares. In brick, the area would be 12.6 squares and would cost from £4000-£4800.

The prices we have given here are only approximate and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your site, consult your local Home Planning Centre.

All our Centres are under the direction of qualified architects, who will give you free advice about any of your building problems. Other skilled advisers, such as color consultants, lighting experts, and interior decorators on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located, are also available to advise you.

Modifications can be made to any of the plans available at the Centres, but if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations an extra charge is made. All plans can be obtained in mirror-reverse position and can be placed at any angle on the site. Contemporary and traditional style homes are available, and window positions and areas can be altered to suit individual requirements.

For a small fee, the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your proposed site and



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH OF PLAN No. 907 shows the attractive screen, which separates the main entrance and terrace from the bedrooms opening on to the garden.

advise as to the house most suited to your land, your own requirements, and your budget.

Carports and garages are not always shown on the plans, but they can be included in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. The Valley. (Tel. 50121).

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (Tel. 32044).

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop St. (Tel. X6111).

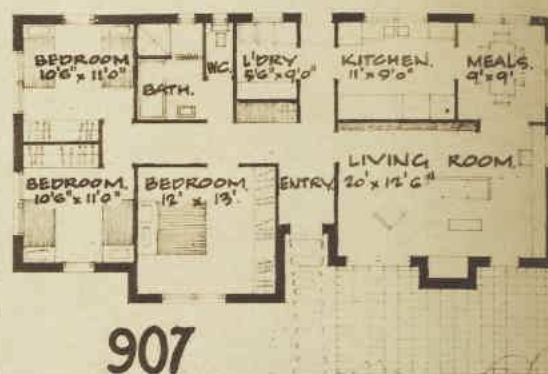
ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co., Ltd., Rundle St., P.O. Box No. 79. (Tel. W0200).

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins St. (Tel. 27221).

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Tel. 7733).

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney).

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Tel. J2311).



FLOOR PLAN for design No. 907 shows the spacious living-room opening on to a paved terrace, and the convenient placing of bathroom, laundry, and kitchen facilities.

£2,860 in Prizes! Now's the time to enter!

NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

Organized by **HEINZ Baby Foods**

The Australian
in conjunction with **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

- No entry fee, no labels required.
- Many valuable awards in addition to cash prizes.
- Open to all babies in Australia under 18 months old.
- Entry Form in this issue or available at all Heinz Baby Food Departments.
- State finalists travel free to Sydney for final judging.

CLOSING DATE
SEPTEMBER 23rd

See page 47 for all details



First prize to **HEINZ BABY FOODS** FOR SIMPLE, SAFE FEEDING

MARSHMALLOW DELICACIES

A BASIC recipe for marshmallow is given this week by Debbie, our teenage chef, who also shows three ways to use it. The marshmallow is cut into squares, tossed in coconut, and eaten as confectionery; used as a topping for biscuits; and in a sauce to serve with ice-cream.

Ingredients for her recipe (using level spoon measurements) are 5 tablespoons gelatine, 1½ cups cold water, 2lb. sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Debbie soaks the gelatine in cold water, places the sugar and boiling water in a saucepan, and brings it slowly to the boil. She adds the gelatine and boils mixture steadily for 20 minutes. Then she pours it into a large basin, allows it to cool, adds the lemon juice and vanilla, and beats until very thick. It is then ready to use as desired.



POUR cooked mixture into a large bowl (left), allow it to cool, then flavor it with lemon juice and vanilla. Then beat it with an electric mixer or rotary beater until very thick and white. Color pale pink with food coloring while beating the mixture.



MARSHMALLOW is poured into a greased slab-tin dusted with icing-sugar. When it is set, cut into large squares (left), toss it in toasted or colored coconut. Half the marshmallow can be left white, then topped with pink for added color effect, if desired.

TO MAKE party biscuits (right), spoon marshmallow into greased patty-tins and top each with a biscuit round. When marshmallow has set, remove from moulds, cover each with chocolate coating, made by mixing together ½ cup drinking chocolate and 3oz. cool melted shortening.



PEPPERMINT SAUCE. Blend together 1 tablespoon each of cornflour and sugar and 1 cup of water, stir mixture over heat until thickened (right), and add little peppermint essence, green coloring, and ½lb. chopped marshmallow. Cool sauce before serving with ice-cream.



'More spreads per jar'

says Miss Evie Hayes

"In the breaks between my spots on TV programmes, I find Marmite just the thing to lift my energy. I love its flavour in sandwiches and broth. So economical, too, with more spreads per jar. One thing I'm sure of, a little Marmite does a power of good."

Next time you feel like a snack, try the energy-lift of Marmite. Spread it on toast, cracker biscuits, or in sandwiches. Marmite is a velvet-blend of two of nature's richest food elements . . . vitalising yeast and vegetable extracts. . . It's nourishing, appetizing, aids digestion and builds resistance. Because Marmite is extremely rich in Vitamin B₁, use it often to help your family to better health. Add Marmite to all your soups, stews, gravies; see that every lunch you cut includes a Marmite sandwich or two. Tastes so good, and so economical . . . many more spreads per jar with Marmite.



**Insist on
the one and only**

MARMITE



CRISP, HOT BACON ROLLS and a sprig of parsley garnish this unusual corn and mushroom pie, which is our £5 prizewinner this week. See recipe for pastry shell and filling below.

£5 prize recipe

● A recipe for an unusual savory pie, sent in by a reader from Western Australia, wins the £5 cookery prize this week in our regular contest.

This pie has a delicious crunchy crust and a filling that combines a variety of flavors to form a colorful and tasty mixture.

All spoon measurements are level.

CORN AND MUSHROOM PIE

Shell: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1½ cups bread-crumbs, pinch salt, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons corn-flour.

Melt butter or substitute in pan, add breadcrumbs, and stir until all are well coated with butter; remove. Beat egg-whites with salt until mixture stands in stiff peaks. Add cornflour and mix well. Press over base and sides of 8in. tart-plate. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: Four ounces cream cheese, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 cups cooked whole kernel corn, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, ½lb. mushrooms (washed and sliced), 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, salt, cayenne pepper, 2 beaten eggs, extra 1 dessert-spoon butter, 2 extra table-spoons milk, bacon rolls and parsley.

Home hint

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. Lilian M. Wilton, 75 Sproule St., Lakemba, N.S.W., for the following hint:

If a little brown sugar is sprinkled over a joint of meat before cooking, the gravy will be richer in color and flavor.

If you have a useful home hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every one used.

Mix cream cheese and egg-yolks with cornflour; add milk gradually. Transfer mixture to top half of double saucepan and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and add mint and 1½ cups of the corn; mix well. Saute sliced mushrooms in the 2 tablespoons of butter until tender. Mix into corn mixture; season with sherry, salt, and cayenne to taste. Pile into tart-shell. Scramble beaten eggs with milk, butter, and little salt. Add remaining corn and spoon on to centre of pie. Garnish with bacon rolls and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Walker, 7 Seabrook St., Mount Hawthorn, W.A.

FAMILY DISH

MOCK chicken fricassee is the name given to this week's family dish of fricasseed tripe flavored with chicken noodle soup.

The dish costs approximately 6/- and serves 5.

MOCK CHICKEN FRICASSEE

One and a half pounds tripe, cold water, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 2 large white onions, 1 packet chicken noodle soup, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour blended with extra milk, 1 dessert-spoon butter, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Wash tripe thoroughly, scrape underside well. Cut into ¼in. pieces. Place in saucepan with cold water to cover, bring slowly to boiling point. Drain, cover with fresh cold water, add salt. Cook gently 1 hour, then add whole peeled onions and cook 1 to 1½ hours longer, according to quality of tripe. Remove all but 1½ cups of liquid from saucepan, chop onion and replace. Add the package of chicken noodle soup and milk, simmer 7 to 8 minutes. Stir in blended flour, cook 3 or 4 minutes longer, fold in butter, cayenne pepper, and parsley. Serve hot.

Bagshot, becoming aware of the presence of the militiamen but determined to disregard them. "We've got as much right to be here as anyone else. My friends asked me to come back and see them. I don't know what those policemen are hanging about for, but it's nothing to do with me."

She started towards the church again, but the militiamen, who had been lounging in the doorway, smoking long cardboard-ended cigarettes, straightened up and became stiffly official. One of them barked an order at Miss Bagshot.

"He wants to see your documents," translated Jackie.

"Tell the silly man I haven't got any and I can't see why he wants them, anyway," Miss Bagshot said with dignity.

Jackie modified this reply considerably in translation, explaining pleasantly, if ungrammatically, that Miss Bagshot was a tourist who was interested in old churches and, having visited this church once before, was anxious to see over it again.

"This church has been declared a public architectural memorial," the militiaman chanted woodenly. "All requests to inspect it must be addressed to the Ministry of Architecture and a signed permit obtained."

"Poppycock," said Miss Bagshot, when Jackie told her the gist of this speech. "It's not even fifty years old and they weren't doing much about architectural memorial yesterday. Tell him some friends of mine who live there invited me back to see them."

Continuing . . . MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 44

"I don't think we ought to bring your friends into it—" Jackie had begun to argue when the heavy door of the church opened and a man and a woman came out on to the steps. The woman was broad-shouldered and sturdy with a plump, cheerful face framed by a tightly knotted white kerchief. Miss Bagshot bounded forward and caught hold of her hand.

"This," she called to Jackie over her shoulder, "is the woman I told you about—the one who had the operation for appendicitis. And her husband."

She waved her other hand towards the man who almost fell down the stone steps in his anxiety to keep in the background.

But if he was not equal to dealing with the situation, his wife showed not the slightest embarrassment in disowning Miss Bagshot. Her face became as stern as was possible for any naturally good-humored countenance and her eyes met Miss Bagshot's vacantly. Quite gently she detached her hand.

"The foreign lady must be mistaken in greeting me. I have never seen her before in my life." She sailed down the steps majestically, linking her arm through her husband's to support him, and they walked off into the darkness without a backward glance.

"I can't believe she didn't

recognise me," exclaimed Miss Bagshot, staring after them, hurt and bewildered.

"Of course she recognised you," Jackie soothed her. "But it takes a lot of moral courage to say so in front of two militiamen. I can't say I blame her—she's got a good deal more character than her husband."

Humphrey, feeling acutely uncomfortable under the steady

FROM THE BIBLE

• "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matthew 21:22.

This is part of a lesson Jesus was giving His disciples on faith. The keyword is "believing."

fast gaze of the militiamen, tried to urge Miss Bagshot away from the church.

"It's obvious they're not going to let you inside, Aunt Lavinia. If you stand here being persistent they might even decide to arrest you."

"They can't arrest me," Miss Bagshot was as certain of her rights as a citizen as if she had been standing outside Westminster Abbey. "I haven't done anything."

But she was sensible enough to realise that the militiamen were determined to carry out their orders and keep intruders from entering the church.

She turned away, allowing Humphrey to take her arm, and passed through the gap in the church walls without another word. It was not until they reached the bottom of the hill and the bright pools of the street lights that her normal rebellious spirit began to assert itself.

"I shall simply go back again in a week's time and see if I can get in then. If only I had met Anna or her family I'm sure it would have been quite different," she said. "Anna would have explained to those policemen that I was a friend of hers and there would have been none of this absurd nonsense."

They had paused under one of the street lamps, and Humphrey was just about to suggest that they should retrace their steps to the bus stop in the square, when Miss Bagshot uttered a joyful little cry and started towards a young couple who had turned the corner and were advancing down the street, their arms linked, completely absorbed in each other.

At the same moment Jackie caught sight of the square figure of their follower on the opposite side of the street. He was standing, half-turned towards them, in the doorway of a shop. He appeared to be engrossed in the shop-window display of ironmongery; but there was no mistaking the slouch hat and the gabardine raincoat.

"If that's your friend Anna, Miss Bagshot, it would be kinder to let her acknowledge you first," she warned. "There's a plainclothesman standing just across the street."

Miss Bagshot checked her involuntary movement towards her young friends. She looked impatiently across the street at the motionless figure, unwilling to accept this melodramatic revelation or to be restrained by it. But there was something different and oddly sinister about that solitary figure.

He did not fit into the background of the suburban street as did the two elderly women sweeping the pavement further down or the men who had shuffled past them a few seconds earlier.

Miss Bagshot hesitated, and then, as though content to accept Jackie's advice, took up a position directly beneath the street lamp where Anna and Sasha could not fail to see her.

They had already noticed her, and, for an instant, slowed their pace along the street. Anna seemed to be whispering something to Sasha, but he thrust his arm more tightly through hers and dragged her forward.

They had seen the figure across the street, too. In the harsh light of the street lamps Anna's face had an unnatural pallor. Her lips were trembling and she had to bite them to maintain the impetuous composure as she drew nearer Miss Bagshot. Humphrey noticed that her free hand, the one which Sasha was unable to imprison in his, was clenched tightly by her side and she seemed to be walking mechanically.

"Poor kid," he thought, and hoped that his aunt was sufficiently sensitive to have noticed all these signs which would be invisible to the watchful figure across the street. But Miss Bagshot had already made up her mind.

As Anna came into the full circle of light, she fixed her eyes imploringly on Miss Bagshot's and then stared hopelessly ahead, and the older woman averted her gaze deliberately. For one instant she found herself looking directly at Sasha, and in that fleeting moment he gave an imperceptible nod of gratitude, winked cheerfully at her, and without moving his head or slackening his pace managed to convey his meaning with amazing clarity.

It was all over in a second. They were abreast of her, they had passed her, their footsteps sounded steadily along the pavement, growing fainter in the distance. Neither Jackie nor Miss Bagshot, Humphrey nor the plainclothesman glanced after them. For a long time the four figures stood motionless as in a tableau.

THEN the plainclothesman sauntered unhurriedly towards the square; Jackie slipped her hand into Miss Bagshot's and squeezed it warmly; and Humphrey cleared his throat rather too ostentatiously.

"Quite a remarkable young man," he said, and wondered why the phrase should sound so patronising and banal when he meant it only as a tribute to a type of gay courage that had touched him more than he was willing to admit.

"Yes," agreed Miss Bagshot. "Sasha will do Anna a lot of good. They're young, they're in love. I don't suppose the future can seem very black to them."

She was tired and dispirited and it was she who decided they would go home. She did not speak at all on the journey back as Humphrey and Jackie argued out the best way of re-entering the flat. Occasionally she turned to stare at the inconspicuous young man in the gabardine raincoat, who had once again settled in the back seat of the bus and appeared to be lost in contemplation of the traffic lights.

"It's ridiculous to think we can all get back in again as easily as we got out," Jackie was saying. "So I'm going to walk in by the front entrance and create a diversion, while

you hoist Miss Bagshot in at the window. Just get her through the kitchen door and up the back way while I keep them busy out on the front staircase. Then you can let yourself out again and go home to bed at the Metropole."

As usual, Humphrey had to admit that Jackie's boldness was good strategy.

"Is it all right with you, Aunt Lavinia?" he inquired as they alighted from the bus and walked together towards the block of flats.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Bagshot, who had not been listening.

"Then we'd better wait here for a few minutes and let Jackie go in first. When she's had time to draw everyone out on to the front staircase we'll have an easier time of it in the kitchen."

Standing by the wall of the building out of the slight evening breeze, Humphrey and Miss Bagshot waited. There was a constraint about his aunt, which Humphrey had never noticed before. He knew that

she was struggling with herself, reluctant to admit that she had been wrong.

"Humphrey," Miss Bagshot said at last. "You can go down to the Embassy tomorrow morning and tell Sir Reginald I have changed my mind. I now see that it would be much more sensible if I returned to England as soon as the Embassy can book me on a plane."

It was so unexpected that, for a moment, Humphrey could not reply.

He wanted to catch hold of his aunt and wait for her gaily across the cobbled street.

He wanted to shout and laugh and celebrate the end of his mission in Moscow. It seemed incredible to him that this frustrating vigil might soon be over and, perhaps, even tomorrow, he would be escorting Aunt Lavinia back to England. A great weight had been suddenly lifted from his mind and Humphrey felt lightheaded with triumph.

He wanted, absurdly, to run

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Continuing . . . MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

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after Jackie and tell her the good news. It was Jackie who had engineered this master stroke. It was Jackie who had planned this evening's campaign with the possibility of success clearly in her mind. He wanted to share the triumph with her. But already three minutes had passed and he knew that she was almost certainly surrounded at this moment by a milling circle of correspondents.

He smiled down at Miss Bagshot. For the first time since arriving in Moscow he felt in sympathy with her.

"Thank you, Aunt Lavinia," was all he said. "If you're ready, we should be starting after Jackie now."

Jackie's diversionary tactics on the stairs met with complete success. The uproar which greeted her entrance into the block of flats was not only sufficient to draw Herb Wilson and his guests away from their poker game; it also brought most of Jackie's diplomatic neighbors to their doors. In apologising to them and in parrying questions from the correspondents, she was easily able to account for ten minutes before she reached the fourth floor.

"I am very sorry you have all been sitting about here wasting your time," Jackie said pleasantly when she was able to make her voice heard above the commotion. "There's been no one in my flat the whole evening."

"You were there yourself at seven o'clock when you answered the phone for the last time," accused Stewart Ferguson.

"But you were all making such a din on the stairs and ringing the doorbell that it gave me a headache and I decided to go for a walk."

"How did you get outside without any of us seeing you?"

"I tied all my sheets together and slid down into the yard."

"Where did you go?"

"I walked to Red Square, sat down for a rest on Lenin's tomb and came back."

SO the silly conversation went on until even the persistent Stewart began to tire of it. Jackie was a seasoned campaigner in fending off the Press from Sir Reginald, and she sidetracked every question jokingly but firmly. All the time she edged closer to her front door.

"I'm sure you're all rather tired," she said when her hand was on the doorknob. "And so am I. If you would like to go home to bed, I'll give you my word of honor that this door won't be opening again until at least nine o'clock in the morning."

Jackie put her key in the lock and looked round to see if anyone seemed ready to charge the door when she opened it. Only Stewart showed signs of following her, but as he was wedged behind an agency correspondent with a camera, she felt reasonably safe. The flash-bulb exploded, Jackie turned the key, darted through the door, and slammed it shut as Stewart lunged forward.

It was fortunate she had prevented him from entering the flat. Even as she leaned a little breathless against the closed door, Miss Bagshot came out of the sitting-room to join her.

"You're supposed to be in the bathroom," Miss Bagshot said.

"Am I, my dear? I don't

see that anything makes much difference now."

Jackie, hearing the hopelessness in Miss Bagshot's voice, stopped and turned. Then, impetuously, she went to her and put one strong young arm round the old woman's shoulders.

"Let's go out to the kitchen and make a good strong cup of tea," she said.

Although Miss Bagshot followed her into the kitchen she said nothing, staring at the blue gas and the occasional yellow flames licking the sides of the aluminium kettle.

"You'll come to see me when you get back to England, won't you, Jackie?" she pleaded at last. There seemed to be no need to explain that she herself would be returning almost immediately. Jackie had already accepted it without comment.

"Of course I will—I'll write, too," Jackie said, putting the tea on the tray.

She carried it into the sitting-room, and set it on the table. For a few minutes, they sipped their tea in silence.

"There's only one thing I regret," Miss Bagshot said thoughtfully.

"That," said Jackie, "is very lucky. I'm sure if you'd stayed longer you would have regretted a lot more. This was bound to happen sooner or later and it's difficult enough to change your mind at any time. Right now, it involves only you. In a few months it might have involved a great many people—Anna and her family."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Miss Bagshot. "I was thinking of you and Humphrey."

"Humphrey?" Jackie put down her cup, completely bewildered.

"He will have to come home with me now, of course," explained Miss Bagshot. "Tomorrow or perhaps the day after. And that leaves very little time for you to get to know each other. He's really a much nicer young man than you think."

"Oh, Humphrey's a very stout fellow," Jackie agreed. The conversation was taking on an unreal and rather sentimental quality and she tried vainly to steady it back into more normal channels.

"I know we argue a lot and I do get very cross because he takes so long being reasonable that he often misses the point. But, truly, Miss Bagshot, I do see all his good qualities, too," she said. "He's safe and dependable and one knows instinctively he'd be the sort of partner who'd really try for every ball in a game of tennis."

"That is not what I meant at all," said Miss Bagshot. "And you know very well that it isn't. If Humphrey was only reasonable and dependable, he would be a very dull young man. But he is sensitive and affectionate, and I am sure he could be quite lively, too, if he had enough of the right company. Humphrey has improved tremendously in this short stay in Moscow. In England he will be living with his family again and they are dull and dependable."

"He could always move out and set up a flat on his own," Jackie pointed out.

"You could, he couldn't. Humphrey is far too concerned about other people's feelings to hurt his own family's."

"Meaning that I am quite ruthless?"

"Just very independent, my dear. I am myself, so I understand it. But if you had a little more of Humphrey's steadiness

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1960

and he had some of your liveliness, it would be a great help to both your characters."

"I see," said Jackie. And she did indeed see only too clearly where this conversation with Miss Bagshot was leading. "Then perhaps it's just as well you've been so busy with your own affairs up till now, Miss Bagshot. I know just how persuasive you can be, so it's a good thing you have only a day or so left to concentrate on this particular problem."

Jackie was laughing, but her gay, teasing words held a hint of gravity. Humphrey loomed like a solemn spectre behind everything that Jackie did. It was impossible not to be conscious of his vague air of disapproval towards her. During the past two days it had made her assume an even more aggressive and positive personality. Jackie disliked her actions being guided, even subconsciously, by anyone but herself.

"We'd better go to bed," she said abruptly, clattering the cups on to the tray and standing up.

"Yes," agreed Miss Bagshot and sighed. "There's only one day left."

But Miss Bagshot had already divided the one day into twenty-four hours. And twenty-four hours, if handled carefully, could be quite a long time.

"Jackie, open up. It's me. Humphrey."

It was ten o'clock in the morning, but Jackie and Miss Bagshot had just finished their breakfast. They would have slept longer if the noise on the

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

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stairs had not sharply increased as the correspondents began to organise the complicated arrangements for their breakfasts.

Herb Wilson had relented to the extent of offering his bathroom for shaving, and there was still a queue lined up outside his door, when Humphrey arrived. As one man they fell

we ought to try too often today," she panted. "I hope you had the sense to go to the Embassy first? That's fine. I'll just let Miss Bagshot out of the bathroom and you can tell her the news."

Miss Bagshot was unlocked



upon him boisterously. He was the first story of the day and they were determined to make the most of him.

Humphrey had a rough passage up the staircase and, between them, he and Jackie only just succeeded in pushing the front door of the flat closed.

"That's not an experiment

from the bathroom and listened impatiently as Humphrey outlined his interview with Sir Reginald earlier that morning. She was frankly bored by the arrangements for their journey home and said she was perfectly satisfied to leave all the details to Humphrey.

"And now, what shall we do today?" she said more cheerfully. "I suppose there's no chance of getting away from this flat?"

"It's only for one day, Aunt Lavinia. The Consul said he would do his best about plane reservations and he'll call in some time today about our passports and exit visas. He seems to think he can book us on a Finnish plane leaving Moscow tomorrow morning. Either Jackie or I, of course, will stay here with you all day."

Jackie was conscious that Miss Bagshot was regarding them both with a speculative interest. Her own situation had ceased to engross her. She had withdrawn her attention from it completely. With the wholehearted zeal of which she was capable, she was now concentrating on furthering the acquaintance of her young hostess and her grand-nephew.

"Even for one day, we must have some food," said Jackie in a matter-of-fact voice, seeking the easiest method of making her escape from the flat. "I shall go out and buy some. And it's easier to get out of the door than in; so, as long as Humphrey is here to keep you company, Miss Bagshot, I may as well go down to the Embassy, too, for the rest of the morning. I'm sure the Ambassador must have a lot of work he wants me to do."

Miss Bagshot was not at all pleased with this suggestion, but, as Humphrey appeared quite indifferent to Jackie's presence in the flat and Jackie herself determined against it, there was really no alternative.

Miss Bagshot almost resigned herself to defeat. During the afternoon the Vice-Consul and other officials visited the flat bearing passports, tickets for the nine o'clock plane the following morning and messages from Sir Reginald, who apologised to Miss Bagshot for not calling on her himself.

"I would like to congratulate you, my dear Miss Bagshot, for reconsidering the position so sensibly and speedily and coming to so wise a decision," he wrote. "But I am told there are at least twenty correspondents camped on your staircase and I am getting rather too old to push my way through that. I hope they are not annoying you too much, and I

wish you a pleasant journey home on the plane tomorrow."

The correspondents had, by this time, become more than an annoyance. Always ready to seize on the most expedient method of gaining their ends, two of them posed as Embassy officials and acted their roles so plausibly that it was some time before Humphrey was able to identify them and even longer before he could force them back through the front door.

Heavily disguised as Russian janitors and plumbers, the correspondents knocked at the back door, too, demanding (in comic opera Russian, which Humphrey was beginning to recognise) to overhaul the gas geyser, to unblock the rubbish chute, and mend leaking taps.

Miss Bagshot accepted the situation with remarkable tranquillity and her nerves showed not the slightest strain from the series of crises and adventures which beset them all day.

"Telegramma. Napier. Telegramma," another voice called at the front door.

Humphrey moved back to the door wearily.

"I'm not opening up again," he said.

"Telegramma."

"Honestly, Napier, there is a telegram for you."

"I don't believe it," shouted Humphrey, already wondering if his father had sent him a cable. "How would it come to this address, anyway?"

"Usual Press courtesy," someone yelled from the staircase. "One of the boys rerouted it to you from the Metropole."

"You can reroute it back. Or shove it under the door."

There was a brief argument on the staircase. Several of the correspondents seemed unwilling to hand over the telegram—if there was a telegram—without the spice of getting Humphrey to open the door.

"Aw, go on. Let him have it," Humphrey heard others wrangling. "He's had a tough day."

HUMPHREY waited. A few seconds later he was surprised to see a buff-colored envelope pushed underneath the door. He picked it up and carried it into the sitting-room, holding it gingerly as though it might explode. It seemed quite a genuine telegram and Humphrey opened it. "Most glad you have found your aunt," he read. "And also do not keep this very entertaining story to yourself. Even in Portugal we read all about Miss Bagshot. Ferreira."

Humphrey allowed himself a half smile as he remembered the cheerful Marnie.

"What is it, Humphrey? You haven't been amused by anything all day."

"I'm not really amused now," Humphrey said. "But I suppose it's at least something that we're entertaining half the world."

Humphrey had reached a state of such weary resignation that he looked forward to Jackie's arrival home only as an excuse for making his escape back to the calm of his hotel room. It had been a frustrating day, watching out of the window for Embassy cars to arrive, answering the telephone, the bell at the front door, the knocks on the back door, and enduring continuous and ribald teasing from the Press.

It was six-thirty before they heard Jackie's key turn in the lock and her cheerful laugh as she finished a conversation with the correspondents outside and shut the door.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1960

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● A ringed seal slowly makes its way to the water's edge for a morning dip. These graceful creatures, veritable mermaids in sea pools, are undisturbed by the sub-zero weather — sometimes 50 below — which proved so menacing to camera crews.

● From the timber lines of Canada and Alaska to the very edge of the polar ice-cap, across thousands of miles of tundra, lakeland, mountains, and surging rivers, a dozen top American and Canadian photographers trailed their quarry for this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacular—Disney's wildlife adventure in the icy north.



● A snow owl wisely surveys the snow-covered wilderness in this dramatic pageant of the strange survival patterns among creatures of the frozen north. First breath of winter sends most wildlife scurrying south, leaving the polar bear alone to battle the elements.



● A timber wolf surveys his snow-covered domain in search of food for his young. The wolf has a lifelong monogamous loyalty to his handsome mate, an unusual attachment among animals. He has respect and love from his wife and youngsters.

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New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ CRACK IN THE MIRROR

Drama, with Orson Welles, Juliette Greco, Bradford Dillman. Century, Sydney.

A PENETRATING thriller, this double-barrelled film shows how two strata of society can, in effect, commit the same crime yet only one is punishable.

In an inspired performance, Juliette Greco pulls off an almost-impossible feat: she plays a dual role, creating two distinct and convincing characters.

The first is a passionate tramp of the Paris slums kept by a gross construction worker, Orson Welles, while having a secret affair with a young workman, Bradford Dillman, employed on the same project. Desperation drives the lovers to murder Welles.

Interwoven through their earthy story is a parallel episode, differing only through education and circumstance. The elegant mistress of a successful senior lawyer (Welles), Greco is again unfaithful, taking Welles' junior assistant (Dillman) as her lover.

The two cases become closely linked when Dillman, the junior lawyer, is selected as defence counsel for the first Greco in a gripping murder trial.

In a word . . . **UNIQUE.**

★★★ EXPRESSO BONGO

Comedy-drama-musical, with Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms, Yolande Dolan, Cliff Richard. Victory, Sydney.

VAL GUEST, producer-director, has set a brilliant satirical script of Wolf Mankowitz to the cymbals, sounds, and beat music of the Soho clubs and coffee bars.

And he has done it magnificently. In this story of overnight teenage pop-singer sensation Bongo Herbert (Cliff Richard) and his unscrupulous agent (Laurence Harvey), Mankowitz and Guest knock this age of the Gold Disc Gods.

Nothing escapes their guilotine—payola, pseudo-religious pop songs, B.B.C. panels on the "Teenage Problem"—in ticker-tape speed wisecracks and racy comedy scenes.

Acting of Yolande Dolan and Sylvia Syms adds to the adult tone of this film.

In a word . . . **BITING.**

★★ THE BELLBOY

A Jerry Lewis comedy. Prince Edward, Sydney.

LEWIS lunacy at its best. This zany comedy—a type of slap-happy throwback to the good old silent days—is simply "a visual diary of a few weeks in the life of a nut."

There's no story—no plot—and little dialogue. Just a string of crazy incidents and hopeless tangles a gawky bell-boy at a fashionable hotel can get himself into.

And as the bellboy Lewis is tremendous. Miming his action, he clowns round the screen with typical Lewis nonchalance as only Lewis can. Fans will love it.

In a word . . . **ZANY.**

★ RICH, YOUNG, AND DEADLY

Drama, with Mickey Rooney, Terry Moore, Dan Duryea. Palace, Sydney.

MICKEY ROONEY hams his way through this film—a saga of brutality and corruption, unrelieved by humor.

He has an incongruous role as a heartbroken and heroic father trying to find out how his son was killed at an island military school for wealthy incorrigibles.

Mickey may be pint-sized, but as Stephan Conway, engineer and ex-marine, he's invincible.

He survives rifle bullets, cannon balls, knives. He takes to sea in a tiny outboard motor boat, hotly pursued by the corrupt commandant of the school (Dan Duryea) in a high-powered launch.

It's an unlikely story and Mickey is an even more unlikely hero. You might enjoy the film if you are looking for a cynical laugh.

In a word . . .

UNCONVINCING.

THE GIANT OF MARATHON

Spectacle, with Steve Reeves, Mylene Demongeot. In color. Liberty, Sydney.

THIS stilted and wooden film is merely an excuse to display

mightyman Reeves' rippling, pulsating physique in a somewhat repulsive fashion.

The plot reduces what must have been a spectacular and dignified passage in history—the Greeks' courageous defence of their country against the mighty Persian hordes in 480 B.C.—to a scrambling, disjointed, third-rate comedy.

As an actor, Reeves is dead. Unflinchingly he recites his lines in dull, toneless monosyllables.

In a word . . . **WOODEN.**

THE STRANGLERS OF BOMBAY

Drama, with Guy Rolfe, Allan Cuthbertson, Andrew Cruikshank, Marne Maitland, Jan Holden. Black and white. Capitol, Sydney.

THE story of a perverted religious cult of stranglers and robbers which grew up in India during the last century could have been one of the most horrifying films of the year.

This isn't that film.

Here Guy Rolfe plays Captain Lewis of the East India Company, who, apparently single-handed, discovered and wiped out the native cult.

Encouraged by his adoring wife, he goes it alone against officious superior officers, narrowly escaping death by murdering Indians, by cobra, by funeral pyres.

But he's such a good, true-blue Englishman that you never for a moment doubt that he'll do it all.

This takes away most of the spine-chilling drama and leaves lukewarm melodrama which happens to be set in India.

In a word . . . **CHOKING.**

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"Let's have a very gay

Make-a-Fuss-of-Father-Day"

Let's make a fuss of Dad on Father's Day this year; butter him up a little. It is rather a special day in every family, so let's surprise him with a special Father's Day Fiesta. Here are some dishes he'll really appreciate. (You'll be proud of them too!) Now — during the Springtime Festival of Dairy Foods — is the time to give some thought to the wonderful ways we can use those versatile natural dairy foods: butter and cheese. There's no doubt about it, most of us don't think about cheese often enough — particularly as a main meal; yet cheese has more body-building protein to the ounce than the finest beef at a fraction of the cost. And, as these recipes show, cheese makes marvellous main meals. There are literally hundreds of ways of serving cheese too! — Do *make the most* of them by using butter in the cooking, because butter brings out all the lovely delicacy of flavour of other food. Butter improves everything you cook. You'll bask in father's favour, not only on Father's Day but all the year round! Prove it for yourself — get these recipes from your grocer's counter and try them.



PAPA'S PIZZA PIE

Just like the real Italian Pizza. Bella, bella bellissima! What a dish for a Father's Day fiesta! Your grocer will agree when he gives you the recipe.

FATHER'S FIESTA FAVOURITE

Easy makin' cheese 'n bacon marvellous main dish. The recipe is waiting for you on your grocer's counter.



CELEBRATION SWISS DISH

Makes any day a celebration! Here's a main meal idea you'll use all year round. Collect recipe with the others from — that's right . . . your grocer.



FATHER'S REWARD CAKE

Sugar and spice and all things nice — that's what he'll like on Father's Day! Get the recipe from your grocer.



HUBBY'S HAWAIIAN HAMBURGERS

Aloha! Aloha! He'll come back again for more of these so make plenty. Grocer has recipe — will give.

...this starts your 1st National Festival of Dairy Foods, watch for more new ideas with foods made from Milk, Nature's Finest!

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

SOCIAL

WEDDING whirl for Pat Osborne and his attractive bride-elect, Sally McFarlane, just home from abroad, includes poring over blueprints for the house they will build about a mile from the Osborne family homestead at "Currandooley," Bungendore.

It's to be on a hillside slope (to escape the westerly winds) with a view of the mountains.

An antique dining-room suite and some other choice pieces selected by Pat and Sally in London a few months ago will be among the interesting furnishing features of their home, which will be completed in about six months.

Sally also stocked up her linen cupboard overseas.

Pat and Sally will be married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on October 11, and Sally's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, will entertain afterwards at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Julia and Christina McFarlane, Virginia Brown, and Joan Ashton will be bridesmaids.

ALSO engrossed with home-building are Zoe Redler, of Bellevue Hill, and Barry Clinton, of Somerset Park, Narellan. They have decided on an L-shaped house with an enclosed courtyard which will be used as an extra room for outdoor living. It will be built on a perfect site at Somerset Park with a glorious view of the mountains and Camden.

Barry and Zoe, who is the daughter of the Consul for Guatemala, Dr. Adam Redler, and Mrs. Redler, are to wed at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on October 1. They'll be attended by Pamela Byrne, Maria McGuire, Margaret-Anne Rowe, of "Tallawarta," Willow Tree, Brian Robinson, Randy Galt, of "Giro," Gloucester, and Bill Taylor.

FAIR-HAIRED June Matthews will be able to swim a mile before breakfast (she was a placegetter in State Swimming Championships several years ago) after her marriage to Sydney lawyer Jack Lee in October. Her fiancé is having a blue-tiled pool installed in the garden of his ultra-modern boomerang-shaped house overlooking Gunnamatta Bay at Burraneer. Their romance, which was announced at the weekend with the presentation of a superb diamond ring for June, began when they got to know each other working to help handicapped children. Jack is president of the Sutherland Shire Handicapped Children's Centre.

THE trend for well-dressed Sydney men "to do the thing properly" and wear morning clothes at fashionable functions was confirmed at Carole Money's marriage to Pierre Roussel. There were devotees of striped trousers and tailed coats among country guests at the wedding, too, including Mr. Jim Ryrie. Incidentally, I hear Mr. and Mrs. Ryrie are planning to celebrate their own twentieth wedding anniversary in October with a dance at "Michelago," their property at Michelago.

DELIGHTFUL cocktail party was given by the Consul-General for the Netherlands, Alex Laboyrie, and his attractive wife at their home at Bellevue Hill to entertain friends they've made since settling in Sydney several months ago. The Australian member of the household — their twelve-month-old dachshund dog, Sebastian — was banished upstairs during the party "because he can't stand crowds." The Laboyries have been married for 3½ years. Their romance was set in Moscow, where they met in 1956 when Madame Laboyrie was secretary to the Dutch Ambassador to Russia and Alex arrived to take up an appointment as First Secretary at the Embassy.

WAS interested to see a snap of Julie Fiona, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rollinson, of "Lakefield," Cape York Peninsula, sleeping blissfully in the arms of her mother after her christening at St. James' Cathedral, Townsville. Her attractive mother, who is an Ascham old-girl, was Suzanne Champneys, of "Kinrara," Mt. Garnet, North Queensland, before her marriage last year.

JUST back in town after enjoying Exhibition Week gaieties in Brisbane, Lady Berryman, president of the women's auxiliary of the Royal Commonwealth Society, told me about "Friendship and Flowers," to be held at the Society's Rooms on October 17 and 18. It is being convened by Mrs. E. L. Sinclair, who has recruited lots of well-known hostesses who "have a way with flowers" to do arrangements for a display, to be opened by Mrs. Laurence Vass.

FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR Gary Simpson and his wife, Joan, are thrilled with the design for living they'll have in America. They are going to rent a centrally heated two-storey houseboat moored on the edge of a lake in Seattle. Gary, who is to do educational psychology research in Washington State, was farewelled at a large party given by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Simpson, at the Overseas Terminal at Mascot before he took off by air at the weekend. Joan is following him in the Mariposa on September 7.

MARRYING soon at All Saints', Woollahra, are Jan McDowell, of Darling Point, and Simon Sheller, the son of Mr. H. O. Sheller, of "Dorset," Bowral, and the late Mrs. Sheller. They have chosen September 22 as their date, and Mrs. David Marina, of "Wonga," Young, will attend Jan.

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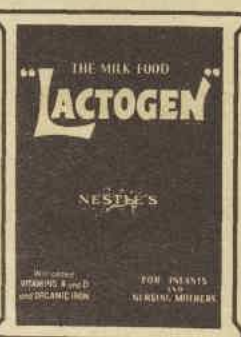
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ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES



CHOIRBOYS formed a guard of honor for Pierre Roussel and his lovely bride, formerly Carole Money, leaving All Saints' Church, Woollahra, followed by bridesmaids (from left) Elizabeth Fell, Sally Spurgeon, and Angela Money, for reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club given by the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Rex Money. Pictured at left are M. and Madame Rene Peix and their daughter, Christine, who represented the groom's parents at the ceremony. Pierre is the son of M. Claude Roussel and Madame Jacques Lefebvre, of Paris.



JADE-GREEN tulle dinner-frock was worn by Mrs. J. R. Sankey, chatting with fellow American Mr. T. B. Morison over pre-dinner drinks at the Baby Bunting Committee dinner-dance at the Pickwick Club. The function was arranged to aid the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.



CONSUL-GENERAL for Korea Mr. Song Bon Limb and his wife chatting with Mrs. R. W. S. Tuckerman (on the left), who was among guests at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Limb to celebrate Korea's Independence Day. Mrs. Limb wore midnight-blue satin national dress.



COUNTRY COUPLE. Ted O'Brien, of Gular-gambone, and his bride, formerly Patsy Logan, at reception at the Wentworth Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Logan, after their wedding at Holy Cross school chapel.



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Hollywood's new stars desert famous city

TELEVISION PARADE

by NAN MUSGROVE

● Hollywood's new aristocracy — the TV stars — don't live in Hollywood as the old movie stars did. They mostly live in "The Valley," a once rural area north of Hollywood.

EVEN though the rural aspects of The Valley are gradually disappearing, it is still countrified, and tourist buses making the rounds of the stars' homes in Hollywood still by-pass it.

Clint Walker lives there in what is known as Woodland Hills in the tenant-farmer section, and Matt Dillon (James Arness) of "Gunsmoke" lives not far away.

Dennis Weaver, Amanda Blake, and Milburn Stone all live in The Valley, too.

Bob Horton has just moved in not far from the canyon where Ward Bond has settled.

Other residents in this close-knit community are Steve McQueen of "Wanted Dead or Alive," Dan Blocker

of "Bonanza," and John Russell of "The Lawman."

The Valleyites drive to their Hollywood studios in the morning and back in the afternoon, and that seems to be that as far as Hollywood is concerned.

"I can think of no reason in the world to go into Los Angeles," says John Russell. "It's almost like crossing an invisible frontier into a foreign country."

Russell owns a typical Valley house—rustic, farm-style, with beamed ceilings and early American furniture.

The stars of The Valley are very different from the old movie kings and queens. They are friendlier and have less pretences and enjoy the simple life.

And it's not only the stars of the Westerns that like The Valley. The famous private-eyes are all moving in.

Hollywood itself is richer for what the new TV stars call "the old guard"—Robert Young, Loretta Young, Dick Powell, June Allyson, Ann Sothern, Donna Reed. They are the lords and masters of the great Hollywood mansions of today.

But as the new stars say, the old stars are not TV products—they just happened to stray into it.

RICHARD LONG, Rex Randolph of "Bourbon Street Beat," is having a trying time these days. He switched to "77 Sunset Strip" when Efrem Zimbalist quit. Long was being groomed to replace suave Effie, who wanted to make movies.

He made three episodes, then Zimbalist decided he'd made a big mistake—he did like TV, and as soon as he's finished the movie he's mak-

ing, he's going to make more "77 Sunset Strip" episodes.

"I never wanted to get out of TV," he said. "I just wanted to make an occasional movie."

Richard still plays his old role of Rex Randolph in "Sunset Strip," which makes it easy for him, if a little confusing for viewers who haven't caught up with the change. He's staying with "77," Effie or no Effie.

As Rex, he is going to be the same old ladies' man, but more breezy and amusing.

"**STORMY PETREL**," ABC-TV's serial about Captain Bligh, is still being talked about.

After it finished, I wrote about some of the main characters, and mentioned that the whereabouts of the grave of John Putland, the first husband of Governor Bligh's daughter, Mary, was unknown.

Since then many readers and the Manly-Warringah and Pittwater Historical Society have written or telephoned to tell me where it is—in the graveyard that surrounds St.



WARD BOND, photographed outside his home in "The Valley," said to be typical of the simple houses which today's TV stars prefer to marbled mansions.

Stephen's Church of England, at Newtown, N.S.W.

Captain Putland was originally buried in a vault under the first St. Philip's Church on Church Hill. His body was removed to the Camperdown Cemetery in 1857. He died on January 4, 1808, when he was only 27.

Mary Putland's second husband, Sir Maurice O'Connell, is also buried in the same cemetery. He died in 1848, 38 years after his marriage to Mary, on May 8, 1810.

Sir Maurice actually owned the land used as a cemetery before 1848, when it was sold.

Sir Maurice had a close link with the Sydney suburb of Newtown. He and Mary had their country residence there. Their house still stands at the corner of O'Connell and Prospect Streets, although its big grounds have been built on, and nowadays Newtown's former vice-regal residence now stands on only an allotment.

Sir Maurice's headstone says he died at O'Connell Town (now part of Newtown). O'Connell Town was named after him, and so was O'Connell Street, Newtown, and O'Connell Street, in the heart of Sydney's big business centre.

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SUZY PARKER, starring in Jerry Wald's production of "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"—a 20th Century Fox release.

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 55

She came into the sitting-room shedding parcels and radiating good temper.

"Didn't you pour yourself a drink, Humphrey? I'm sure you need one. Why don't you fix something for yourself and Miss Bagshot while I get on with the dinner? You must be both starving."

"Now you're back, as a matter of fact, I think I'll push off to the hotel for dinner," Humphrey said. Jackie's sunshine was almost the last straw.

"Must you? That's such a pity when I've bought all the food. As this is your last night I thought it would be rather nice to have a little celebration dinner. I've been serving Miss Bagshot bacon and eggs for almost every meal, so it's high time I tried to be a better hostess. Just see what I've struggled to get hold of in the gastronomic queues."

Jackie was already tipping the contents of her packages on to the coffee table.

"Here's the caviare and smetana. It's nice with toast, but, if you don't mind waiting a bit longer, I could make some pancakes and we'd have it Russian style. And three spring chickens — I got the small ones so they wouldn't take long to cook. And here we have a bottle of Armenian white wine and some Georgian red. I'll pop the white into the fridge straight away."

Jackie danced off to the kitchen without waiting for Humphrey's reply, and Miss Bagshot launched a determined campaign to encourage him to stay. The food at the hotel was not very good; some of the correspondents might, in any case, follow him there; it was very sweet of Jackie to have taken trouble over this last dinner together. Humphrey hesitated and was defeated.

It was true that Jackie was an extremely considerate hostess, when she elected to play the part. She treated Miss Bagshot and Humphrey as though they had just arrived in the flat for dinner instead of being prisoners there for nearly two days. She made them cocktails and settled them comfortably before she prepared the meal and chattered so entertainingly that the atmosphere could not fail to become relaxed. One of her stories about Toby, the Pomeranian, drew an unwilling guffaw from Humphrey while they were still sipping their martinis and Jackie was setting the table with her best mats and arranging an elaborate centre-piece of flowers and candles.

"Now we're all ready," Jackie announced, bringing in the caviare with a steaming dish of pancakes. "Humphrey, you take the head of the table and, Miss Bagshot, will you sit here? Let's start off with a toast. To Miss Bagshot and her successful invasion of Greenland next year!"

"She's already been to Greenland," objected Humphrey. "At least my father has and I can't imagine any other reason for him going there."

"I have never been to Tibet," remarked Miss Bagshot with a wry smile.

"Then here's to Humphrey's

holiday in Tibet," cried Jackie.

Given the least encouragement, gaiety in Jackie tended to bubble over more quickly than milk at the boiling point. Any private anxieties she may have had about Miss Bagshot's presence in her flat seemed to have vanished now there was only this one evening left to worry about them. She plied her guests with wine, she told them amusing Embassy gossip, she laughed easily and often, carrying Miss Bagshot and Humphrey along with her.

By the time they had finished their spring chickens, Humphrey had ceased to notice the steady drone and the occasional rise and fall in argument of the correspondents.

● To clean a teapot spout, pack tightly with damp salt and leave overnight. Empty out the salt in the morning and scald the pot with boiling water.

voices on the staircase. He no longer tensed every time the doorbell sounded. Jackie had decided to ignore both the phone and the door and it was surprising how quickly these irritating noises, which had kept him on edge all day, now faded into the background.

"We'll carry the celebration a step further and not do any of the washing-up," announced Jackie when they got up from the table. "I'll just take the dishes out to the kitchen and leave them for Fenya to do in the morning. Poor old thing, she thinks I'm cross with her because I told her to stop coming. But I thought it would only complicate matters for her if she was seen coming into the flat and the correspondents got hold of her."

It occurred to Humphrey that there was a more considerate side to Jackie's character. Miss Bagshot, intercepting the approving glance he gave her, felt encouraged. Then she remembered that their plane left for London at nine o'clock in the morning and she sighed.

IT was clear to Miss Bagshot, as an onlooker, that the tension between Humphrey and Jackie — the inconsistency in their reactions to each other — was an old-fashioned symptom which could easily blossom into something worth while. That neither of them were aware of it made her impatient, even when their blindness most diverted her. Both of them had come to mean something to Miss Bagshot. She was not content to remain a tolerant observer, to leave them to manage their own lives. Miss Bagshot had never felt so certain of her judgment but she was being given no chance to prove it. She made one last effort.

"I think you should take Humphrey out for some fresh air," she told Jackie when she brought in the coffee. "He's been cooped up in the flat all day and I want the flat to myself for a few hours," Miss Bagshot said with determination. "I must pack my suitcase, finish a few letters, and iron some small things. I'm too old to do it quickly; I like to take my time over everything."

"I'll help you," offered Jackie.

"No, no. I prefer to do my own things for myself. You would be talking, Jackie, and

I find that distracts me. I do want to get a good night's sleep before the journey, so I must get all these little jobs over in the next few hours."

Jackie suddenly relented. She did not want another private conversation with Miss Bagshot. And she could not see what harm could come from taking a walk with Humphrey through the Moscow streets.

Miss Bagshot promised faithfully to open the door to nobody while her bodyguard was away. She would not answer the phone, wash up the dishes, or wait up for them if she wanted to go to bed.

Under these conditions, Jackie agreed to leave the flat with Humphrey. He was looking tired and harassed and a walk would do him good.

It would, she knew, please Miss Bagshot. But if she had glanced back as they left the sitting-room and noticed the look in Miss Bagshot's eyes — of plans being calculated, revised, and amended — Jackie would not have allowed herself to be persuaded so easily.

"Hold on a minute, Jackie. I want to talk to you."

Only Stewart Ferguson had followed them through the double doors and caught up as they crossed the asphalt courtyard. The correspondents had become used to Humphrey and Jackie passing through their camping ground on the stairs without providing any snippet of news worth the trouble of cabling. It still amused them to bar the way, to let off their flashbulbs, and make good-tempered wisecracks, but they had given up any real hope of a story from them.

"It's no use being persistent, Stew. You know very well I'm not going to tell you anything."

"I don't want to talk about Miss Bagshot," Stewart said and, for once, his voice had lost its brittle note of banter. "I want to talk about you. To tell you how sorry I was to hear you'd lost your job."

They were midway across the courtyard, striding quickly. Jackie halted, turned her back on Humphrey, and swung round furiously to face Stewart.

"Who told you that?"

"Now don't get mad, Jackie. You know I always hear anything that goes on in this town sooner or later. Actually it was young June McGuire. She almost tore a piece out of me when I phoned the Embassy this afternoon. Practically told me it was all my fault for starting this silly story in the first place. The whole of the typists' pool seem quite tearful about it. And as they can't blame anyone else, they've settled on me. I'm going to have a dog's life in this place after you go."

Jackie began to laugh.

"I might have known you were really thinking of yourself. Don't look so woebegone. I'll tell June tomorrow you had nothing to do with it. She knows you didn't, anyway. It was all my own fault for being such a busybody and H.E.'s been perfectly sweet. But I can see it makes the position very difficult for the Embassy if I stay on here after this; and it's just commonsense for the Foreign Office to post me back to London. Oh, well — it's all such a mess. Let's forget about it, Stew."

But Stewart had no intention of letting it go at that.

"You've got me all wrong as usual, Jackie. I don't care what the Embassy typists' pool thinks about me. I don't care if they stop inviting me to their parties — they won't be worth going to now you're leaving. I'm thinking about you. I know

To page 66

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Continuing . . . MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 65

how you loved working in an Embassy, and how tame an ordinary job in London is going to seem . . .

"I won't stay in London," Jackie said. "If the Foreign Office won't send me abroad again, there must be lots of other jobs going in business firms."

"Don't put on an act with me, Jackie. I can see how upset you are. Isn't there any place we could go to talk?" His eyes settled on Humphrey, standing silently beside them, shocked and sympathetic at learning what had been on Jackie's mind the whole evening.

"Look, old man, could you take yourself off? I want to talk to Jackie privately."

"No," said Humphrey. "We're going for a long walk in the fresh air. I think it'll be better than talking."

"Much better," said Jackie.

Stewart made one last appeal to Humphrey.

"Just walk through the archway, there's a good fellow. I'll let Jackie follow on in five minutes. This has nothing to do with Miss Bagshot. I swear it hasn't."

Humphrey shook his head. He moved away a few paces, but was still well within earshot.

"Oh, all right, have it your own way. But, Jackie, this isn't the way I'd like it. If I haven't said anything before, it's because I always thought we had plenty of time here. Plenty of time and no competition."

Stewart smiled rather wryly. "I've been pretty lucky this past year having the field to myself. In any normal place I couldn't expect a girl like you to look at me twice. But in Moscow there's a pretty limited

company of bachelors, which is the only reason I've got to know you so well. Dash it all, I can't pretend I don't know what the answer will be, but I thought I'd ask just the same."

"Stew, dear Stew, what are you trying to say? This isn't—you can't possibly—oh, Stewart, is this a proposal?" Jackie said shakily.

"Go ahead, have a good laugh. We've laughed at almost everything else. I can see the joke in this, too, standing out here with half Moscow listening in—" Humphrey, an embarrassed eavesdropper, had moved further off, as soon as the very personal nature of the conversation dawned on him. "I dare say I could have made it more romantic if I'd had time to think about it—"

JACKIE was, in fact, in a slightly hysterical state between laughter and tears. "Stew, I'm awfully touched. You know how fond I am of you and all the fun we've had together and—"

"Yep," said Stewart, cutting her short. "Yep. Don't start being tactful, Jackie darling. You don't have to get it all out. I wanted to tell you before you left, that's all. No hard feelings. I'll get back on to my beat now. Look you up when I come to London on leave, if you're still there."

"Please," said Jackie. "And thanks, anyway, Stew, dear."

"Thanks, anyway. About sums up what I expected."

Stewart grinned at her and would have turned back to the block of flats, but, with a little

cry, Jackie rushed impulsively into his arms and burst into tears. The tears had not been far from the surface all day, but now they overflowed on Stewart's tweed coat as she gave up the effort to control them.

Very gently he stroked her hair and kissed the top of her head, one arm still round her possessively. Jackie's tears moved him the more deeply because he had never known her like this before. For the first time he saw her as vulnerable, and he comforted her like a hurt child.

"Come on, Jackie. Let it all out. Gets too complicated if you keep it bottled up inside for too long."

It was several minutes before Jackie even tried to check her tears. Then she drew away from Stewart's protecting arm and began searching in her pockets for a handkerchief.

"Have mine. Give your nose a good blow. Fine. Feel better?"

"Mmmmm."

"That's the girl. Wish I could take you for this walk instead of being parked on the stairs." Stewart dignified to notice Humphrey once again. He had been standing by awkwardly through this emotional scene, hoping they had both forgotten about him.

"Take her off, Napier," Stewart said, beckoning him across. "A good brisk walk and see you look after her. Bye, Jackie."

He turned abruptly back into the darkness, was visible for a moment in the harsh light over the entrance, and vanished behind the swing doors.

"Let's walk," said Jackie.

To page 67

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And it sounded forlorn. She blew her nose again on Stewart's handkerchief and started off without bothering to look and see if Humphrey was accompanying her.

They went through the arch, past the militiaman, turned along the main boulevard and several brilliantly lighted streets, walking fast and in silence.

Jackie did not seem to want to talk and Humphrey did not quite know how to begin. In half an hour they had crossed the centre of Moscow and were down beside the river. The street lights were dimmer here and they crossed the street to the embankment, where the pattern of lights across the bridge twinkled back at them from the water. Jackie slackened the pace.

"I had no idea about your job. It didn't occur to me. . . I'm really very sorry, too," Humphrey said, feeling that his sympathy sounded rather inadequate after Stewart's.

"Don't tell Miss Bagshot, that's all," Jackie retorted. She was more like herself now.

"It was all my own fault. I know that. But Miss Bagshot might think some of it was hers. She's leaving tomorrow morning, so with any luck she'll probably never know."

"But need it have gone as far as this?" persisted Humphrey. "I'm to blame, too, don't forget. If I hadn't come to Moscow looking for Aunt Lavinia there might never have been all this fuss."

"I know, I know," Jackie said wearily. "Let's not start scolding out the blame. I

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

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didn't want you to hear about it, either. I did my level best this evening with the gayest of little farewell parties so you could both leave tomorrow with clear consciences. It's just bad luck Stewart went and blurted it out in front of you."

Humphrey caught at her arm. They had walked so far and so fast that Jackie did not resist when he pulled her to a stop against the stone wall of the embankment.

"But, Jackie, why bother about Aunt Lavinia and me? Why did you try to spare our feelings?"

"I don't know. Why does one do anything? I suppose it just seemed tidier to me. Do you go round telling everyone when you're hurt and upset? Well, I don't, either. Oh, come on, Humphrey, let's walk."

They set off again, more slowly now. Jackie's eyes were on the dancing reflections of light in the water. Humphrey gave her a few sideways glances, and then, deciding her face was averted sufficiently not to notice, he strolled on watching her profile etched against the moving moonlight in the river. He felt exactly as he had in the Ambassador's study when Jackie made her confession with her chin up and her voice quite steady. Only more so.

In an instant of sudden awareness, Humphrey recognised a truth, dead to himself until then, but now so astonish-

ingly and vividly alive that it must always have been there at the back of his mind.

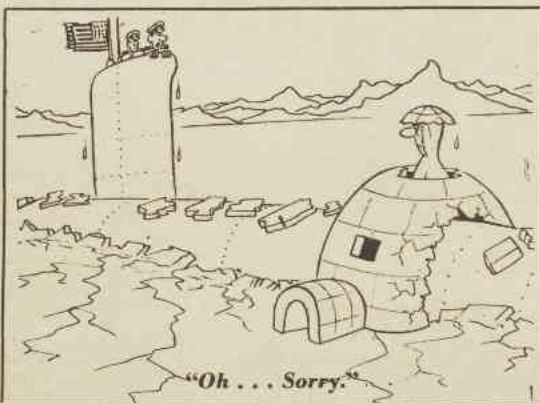
"It's idiotic," he said to himself. And, even as he said it, he knew that it didn't matter at all. This was what mattered. Walking along beside her and wishing that it could go on forever.

"I'll get in touch with her

always passionately interested to keep in touch with them at the time. And how often do you follow it up? But I do know what you mean, Humphrey."

Humphrey suddenly threw caution to the winds. The sensible course might be to wait until Jackie came back to London, but for once the sensible course did not appeal to Humphrey.

"You haven't the slightest



when she comes back to London. It's sheer madness to say anything now. Difficult to wait when it seems so urgent, but much the most sensible course."

Humphrey slipped his arm through Jackie's. A safe, conventional beginning to a courtship he would continue later at a proper and conventional time.

"When do you expect to be back in London, Jackie?" Even to himself his voice sounded quite normal, unemotional.

"Oh, sometime," Jackie said vaguely. "I haven't thought about it. A month or two. I might take a holiday in Sweden on the way."

"But you'll let me know when you do get back? You'll give me your home address so I can get in touch with you?" Humphrey was beginning to panic already.

"It'd be much better if you didn't," Jackie said. "Miss Bagshot's bound to hear about me being posted back to the Foreign Office if I look you up in London. I can hardly see you and not her."

"You mean you're going to forget the whole incident once we leave? You won't even write to us?"

"Oh, yes. I'll write. Next week probably and again in about six months. And a Christmas card for a few years. The way one does. Miss Bagshot would be hurt if I didn't do that."

Humphrey was beginning to be irritated at being coupled with Miss Bagshot in Jackie's plans.

"But, Jackie, you can't turn friendship on and off like a tap that way. Whether you like it or not, this week you've acquired us—Aunt Lavinia and me. We're interested in everything that happens to you. We want to know what you're doing, where you are—" Humphrey was aware that his voice was betraying him and he stopped. He must be careful to control himself. No point in letting emotion get the better of him.

Jackie shot him a friendly look.

"Right at this moment I feel the same way about you and Miss Bagshot. I'd like to hear from you again, but the weeks and the months go by and everyone settles back into their own lives, meeting other people, doing other things. Somehow you never keep it up. It's like shipboard acquaintances. You're

idea what I mean," he said, standing in front of her and jerking her round to face him. "I am not a shipboard acquaintance and I am not Aunt Lavinia. I don't want to hear from you every few months and take a casual interest in what you do. I want to hear from you every single day. I want to know what you do every blasted minute."

Jackie did not even laugh as she had done an hour ago when confronted by Stewart. She was so surprised that she stood gaping at Humphrey, complete disbelief written all over her face.

"But you don't even like me. Humphrey, you know you don't." She sounded disconcerted and unhappy. "You've no right to give me such a shock. Only this evening you disliked me intensely. I felt it. Just because I've lost my job there's no need to be sorry for me. Really, Humphrey, this just complicates everything. If you mean a word you're saying—"

"I'm not in the least bit sorry for you," Humphrey said.

It was the wrong time to begin. He knew that. It was even the wrong beginning. But now he had started he might as well finish it. "You should feel flattered. Not many girls could boast about refusing two proposals in one evening."

"Proposal? Humphrey, don't be such an ass. If you and Stewart are trying to make me feel like Helen of Troy you're making no headway at all. I haven't even got any powder on my nose," she added in an aggrieved voice. "And besides, you've never even kissed me."

"Has Ferguson?"

"Well, of course. Dozens of times when we've been out to parties or coming home from them. I mean—well, I knew he liked me at least, more or less, and it didn't take me by surprise. But you can't jump out of character like this, Humphrey. It's not fair."

"Couldn't I kiss you now?"

"There," Jackie said crossly. "Kissing isn't a thing you ask about. It's a thing you just do. If you ask first it takes away all the fun and makes it uncomfortable, conventional—the side of you I can't stand."

"Stop being so bossy," Humphrey commanded. "That's the side of you I can't stand. I do dislike you — heartily. You're

aggressive and headstrong and unfeminine and — I can't imagine how I could have fallen in love with you."

His arms went round her then, pressing her against him, stifling argument. Jackie lifted her face to protest and he kissed her, quite deliberately. It was a sharp, singing sweetness to meet her lips, so soft, so unbelievably willing.

"My impossible Jackie," he whispered into her ear. "You're wonderful. Impossible. Impossibly wonderful. I couldn't love anyone else."

Jackie drew apart from him rather breathlessly.

"I should never have imagined you'd be able to kiss like that." She tried to sound dispassionate, uninvolved. "Of all the men in the world you're the least likely—"

"Now admit, Jackie, you liked it. It's human nature to like kissing. But a few kisses don't make a marriage. Even a conventional marriage like the one we'd have. But I'm in no hurry. This may be my last night in Moscow, but, once I get back to London I'll bombard you with cables. I'll phone the Foreign Office every day to find out when you're coming home. I'll bring a whole florist's shop of flowers to meet your plane. I'll—"

At last Jackie began to laugh. "Humphrey, you are an utter idiot. Even when you decide to be unconventional you do it in the most conventional way."

"You nasty little girl."

"That's what I mean," said Jackie, but she let Humphrey kiss her again. "You can't simply kiss all your life. There

has to be something else to it."

"There will be something else to it. By the time I'm finished with you you'll be quite respectable. And you'll probably have made me fairly human, too."

"Three cheers," said Jackie. "But the answer's still no."

She might never see Humphrey after this evening, but he could never again be a casual friend, either. It made her feel awkward to be standing beside him, and she searched for something to change the subject.

"See all those lights across the river? That's the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest. Let's walk over there and then back to the flat."

Jackie was getting out of hand again. She walked him to the entrance of Gorky Park. She climbed on merry-go-rounds and razzle-dazzles. She watched for his reaction as they swung off the moving floor together. But Humphrey had his arm round Jackie's waist and was no longer thinking of his dignity.

Humphrey felt that, in some teasing way, she was testing him out and he kept pace with her. He even succeeded in surprising her.

"Here," he said, thrusting a handful of balloon strings at her.

"What on earth are these for?" Jackie demanded, holding on to the dozens of balloon strings.

"No flowers in sight," said Humphrey tranquilly. "I bought them from that little woman over there."

"But why?"

"Oh, nothing. Just beginning

To page 68

"Denture Breath" offenders are the last to know



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my campaign of being conventionally unconventional."

For once, Humphrey was pleased to see a puzzled expression on Jackie's face. It was at least a beginning even if there was no time for an end.

The first thing Humphrey and Jackie noticed when they came through the double doors of the block of flats was the unnatural hush on the staircase.

They decided not to creep up the stairs but to take the noisy lift and risk waking the Press contingent. But as the lift cage came to its usual hesitant stop, they saw with considerable surprise that the fourth-floor landing was completely deserted.

"What on earth could have happened?" Jackie exclaimed,

glancing up and down the stairs. "Surely they couldn't all have given up and gone home?"

"I doubt that," Humphrey said grimly. "But Aunt Lavinia might have given them an interview and they'd have gone off to file their copy."

"She wouldn't have done that. She promised she wouldn't. But you know — I was just remembering — she did seem awfully keen to get rid of us this evening. You don't think that perhaps she might have wanted us out of the way because she was planning to go off and lose herself somewhere in Russia? All that talk about deciding to go home after all could have been just a bluff to put us off the scent."

Continuing . . . MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 67

Jackie had been searching for her keys in her handbag and she found them, fitted the right one into the lock, and turned it as Humphrey observed.

"She wouldn't get very far with her plans for losing herself with all those correspondents in tow. I've never met such a tenacious group of people in my life. They're tough enough to follow anyone into Siberia rather than lose a story. The only thing that puzzles me is that the Soviet Government hasn't

thrown them all out long ago. They'd manage to get an interview with Lenin in his tomb if they thought it was a really hot news story."

"They won't get one out of Miss Bagshot," Jackie said with conviction.

She switched on the hall light and was about to tiptoe down the tiny corridor to peep into the darkened bedroom when her eyes fell on a neatly folded note on the telephone table. It was brief and direct and, like Miss Bagshot's conversation, wasted no time in polite preliminaries.

"I don't know about no other hotel letting anyone else do it, but I'm perfectly certain Miss Bagshot will think up something to persuade the Metropole into it," Jackie said.

"She's perfectly right about the correspondents being more of a nuisance here than they would be at the hotel. After all, this is a diplomatic block and the Soviet authorities can hardly send a platoon of militiamen into it. But they could easily stop everyone from camping outside her door in a hotel. The correspondents will be forced to lie in wait for her down in the foyer, which will be a much more comfortable arrangement for her."

"Comfortable for her," Humphrey blazed. "It's so typical of Aunt Lavinia to consider only what would be comfortable for her. I've never come across anyone so thoughtless of everyone else. And where does she think I am going to spend the night?"

"Well, I suppose she meant you could stay here," Jackie suggested calmly.

"If she really thought about it at all she'd have realised I couldn't."

"Oh, I don't know, the divan in the sitting-room isn't as uncomfortable as all that." She walked into the room, switching on the light for Humphrey to inspect the divan. He followed her, still arguing.

"You know very well what I mean, Jackie, and I can't possibly stay here."

"But what will you do?"

"The plane leaves at nine o'clock, so I'd be up about six in any case. I'll go for a walk now. I've never stayed up all night before. At least not on

purpose. The only other night I've stayed awake was the one before I met you. I should have known right then that would lead to something. My conventional world is toppling around me. Don't you feel that's at least some tribute to you, Jackie?" Humphrey was even mildly amused at himself.

Jackie hesitated but only for a second. For her there had been no one instant of awareness. The evening had been full of instants—moments of insight when she responded to something which drew her closer to Humphrey, and moments of reflection when she backed away from him again. She was too hopelessly confused to decide what she really did want, but she knew she could not sit alone in the flat paroling it all out.

"I'll come for a walk, too," she said abruptly. "I don't think I could really get to sleep tonight, either."

"Jackie!"

"Now don't go putting a meaning where I haven't made one. I only said —"

"I heard what you said. It was very encouraging."

Humphrey put his hands on her shoulders, holding her away from him and smiling down into her eyes with a teasing tenderness. "If I can get that far in three hours there's still some hope now I have another seven left."

A startling thought suddenly occurred to Jackie.

"Do you suppose that's why Miss Bagshot did it? Why she left the flat here when she was so comfortable and took off for the Metropole in the middle of the night? She's been trying to throw us together all day—you must have noticed it. Oh, what a family I've got myself involved with!"

"You admit you are involved then?"

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YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"My Russian Journey"

Santha Rama Rau (Gollancz).

THIS is more than just a description of places. The author, through acute observation, perception, and knowledge of Russian literature, has captured the spirit and feeling of Leningrad and Moscow. Because her American husband, Fabian Bowers, who went to Russia mainly to write about theatre and ballet, could speak Russian well enough for conversation, they were able to talk with chance acquaintances met at open-air cafes. In this way they made friends who enlightened them considerably on various aspects of modern Russian life. Russians were attracted to their little group — an Indian woman, her American husband, their five-year-old son, and his negro nurse. An interview with a famous "privileged" woman writer and a visit to her large well-furnished apartment, and with Ulanova, were highlights. Beautifully written, with wit and humor, this book

throws most interesting light on the modern Russian scene.

"Advantage Receiver"

Jack Pollard (Muller).

HERE'S a book that could become a tennis "classic" because of the insight it gives the reader into top tournament tennis. Big games have been recalled with vivid detail, tricky situations, and hitherto unexplained altercations have been clarified in a way that will please fans. Those who are not so avid about the game can enjoy the extremely well-handled chapters on personalities, such as Althea Gibson, the mixed-up kid from Harlem, and "Little Mo" Connolly, whom the author considers the greatest woman player. Drobny, and Hoad, "a very languid wizard." There is some enlightening information on the Kramer set-up and much fair commentary on other notable tennis figures, including Harry Hopman. Gossip and tennis facts are intermingled in a most entertaining way.

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Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNER'S PATTERN

F5895.—Beginner's pattern for a pretty, easy-to-make blouse for summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



F5891.—Simple tennis frock has square neckline, no sleeves, with pleats from the yoke. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5892.—Tennis frock is fitted to the hipline and finished with a swirl of tiny pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5893.—Playsuit has bloomer pants, and straight-line jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Playsuit requires 2yds. 36in. material, and jacket takes 2yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F5895



F5892



F5894



F5857



F5893

F5894.—Fitted playsuit with contrasting sash can be worn with matching casual jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Playsuit takes 2yds. 36in. material and 1yd. contrast; jacket requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5859.—Bare-necked, sleeveless summer frock has self-cummerbund and full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning August 29



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in helping others.

A number of you will be called upon to give generously of your time and energy. You may be active in working for the welfare of the community. Personal affairs are likely to be put aside in favor of the claims of others. This can take the form of visiting the sick, baby-sitting in an emergency, or running errands for those who cannot get about.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, gold.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in taking a chance.

Only the brave are likely to win the prize. If you hang back, the opportunity will vanish. Unless you are game to try out new methods, ideas, experiment along new lines, you'll be stuck in a rut. In spite of an occasional failure, you'll be learning as you go. Take the initiative, make changes in your surroundings, interests, activities.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in relief from a burden.

There may be one job you dread to tackle or a person near you who antagonizes you or criticizes you on every occasion. Possibly you are worried over a domestic matter, or you have a difficult problem. In some way a cloud will be lifted and the sunshine stream in. This will give you a new attitude; encourage you to make fresh plans.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 21 - JULY 20

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in a communication.

Good fortune may knock on your door when the postman blows his whistle. This could mean an invitation to a very special party, a letter from an old friend across distance, or should your nearest and dearest be away, a love letter that warms your heart. In a few cases, this could be an offer of marriage which thrills you.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 21 - AUGUST 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, black.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in practical matters.

You come down out of the clouds to pave the way for a new undertaking that requires attention to detail, and probably means that you supplement the amount of money you are prepared to spend with solid hard work. You start out bravely but you may become discouraged. Get through that critical moment and you'll sail on to victory.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 21 - SEPTEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, mauve.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck in personal relationships.

An acquaintance could grow into a real friend and become a permanent factor in your life. You may have a new neighbor who proves particularly congenial, with interests similar to yours. Some of you develop new friendships through serving on a committee. If alone in the world, friendship with one of the opposite sex could lead to romance.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21 - OCTOBER 20

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, black.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck beneath surface of events.

Don't let impatience drive you into hasty action. Yours should be a waiting game at present. Many matters are shaping as you desire, although the effects are not yet visible. Contentment, a calm serene attitude, and the ability to keep your thoughts to yourself can work wonders, and will keep you happy until your star has a new cycle.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21 - NOVEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in sport.

Whether you are a beginner or an experienced player, sport is a factor in your life. If you hope to keep fit and stay young, some of you are coming to the end of a season and playing in competitions. If you plan no game, seriously consider taking one up. Investigate possibilities in your own district; there may be more facilities than you think.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 21 - DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastel.
Gambling colors, red, grey.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck through those in authority.

If a teenager, you may convince parents that you be permitted to join a group, attend a party, or bring home that new boy-friend. If older, in paid employment, the boss is disposed to grant a request, extra privileges, or a promotion. If you have any dealings with governmental authorities, your application should be successful.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, grey.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in know-how.

If you are embarking on an unfamiliar enterprise, seek information from the more experienced. Follow instructions carefully in using materials new to you. In domestic arts and crafts, it may be wise to try out a small sample before attempting the main project. The more skills you acquire, the happier and more interesting you will be.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
Luck in overcoming obstacles.

The path to success may have many a stumbling block. People do not react as you expected, or hidden snags threaten to wreck more than one scheme on which you have counted. Detour wherever possible; use tact, patience, rather than out and out orders. This week demands good generalship if you are to achieve, your ends, but you have what it takes.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck through the opposite sex.

In connection with a business matter, a member of the opposite sex is likely to be specially helpful. If planning a social event, make it an evening affair and it will be most successful. If young and fancy free, you are about to meet the hero of your dreams. If a trifle older, you may receive an offer of marriage, or if married, you attend a wedding.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

"To a slight extent," Jackie said cautiously.

"To an extent that you'll let me see you in London?"

"I suppose so."

Humphrey took his hands off her shoulders and imprisoned them in his arms. He kissed her again.

"To an extent that you'll let me ask you again when you have some powder on your nose?"

"I don't know. Oh, Humphrey, there isn't time now to make up my mind."

from page 68

"There's all the time in the world," Humphrey said. "Now we've got as far as this. I was just thinking how pleased Aunt Lavinia would be if we told her about it in the morning."

But Miss Bagshot did not have to be told. When she saw them walking into her hotel room, their faces glowingly alive, she knew that this last journey of hers had accomplished something more than she had ever hoped.

Again she felt the sudden warm emotion that had flooded over her in the little Russian church and that she had found impossible to put into words. A contented feeling of gratitude simply to be living, watching other people. The unexpected in their behaviour always absorbed her; the predictable entertained her.

It was a consolation to Miss Bagshot to know that, after seventy years, her interest in people and the ways their lives became entangled had not even frayed about the edges.

"Well, Humphrey," she said. And there was a satisfied air about her as though she had settled her business and was impatient to leave. "As you see, I'm quite ready for the journey home."

Now that the Bagshot case was no longer of political importance, it had turned up again on Mr. Buckingham's desk.

It was peaceful in his own little office and full summer in the park outside his window. Back from playing his role as the Foreign Office spokesman at the airport when Humphrey and his aunt stepped off the plane, Mr. Buckingham settled down to write the last paper on the file of "Miss Lavinia Bagshot."

"As instructed, I arrived at London Airport at precisely five-twenty and informed the Press correspondents who had assembled that I was representing the Foreign Office and that Miss Bagshot had specifically stated she would give no interview. I therefore requested them to disperse. But the correspondents, some two hundred in number, were quite unco-operative."

"At five forty-five the B.E.A. Viscount touched down, and by special arrangement with the airport authorities I was allowed to board the plane before the passengers alighted and warn Miss Bagshot and her grand-nephew, Mr. Napier, of the reception awaiting them."

"They both accepted the situation with remarkable composure and once again assured me they would add nothing to the official Foreign Office hand-out, which was reprinted in full in today's copy of 'The Times.'"

"Miss Bagshot, who has an undoubted flair for handling people, then made her way through a most unnerving battery of flashbulbs and news-reel cameras. She did not remain completely silent, as Foreign Office instructions had suggested. On the other hand, her friendly and entirely natural attitude towards the Press did much towards maintaining a good-humored atmosphere in a situation which could easily have got out of hand."

"Although the full story of Miss Bagshot's stay in Moscow will never be known to the general public and various sections of the Press may continue to give contradictory and misleading interpretations of the case for some time to come, I have no doubt that, in due course, the present publicity will die down and the whole incident will eventually be forgotten."

The End

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This novel is published by Harvill Press.

This story is fiction and is not intended to depict any member of any Foreign Office or Diplomatic Corps whatsoever.

Our new serial is dramatic murder mystery

NEXT week we present the first long instalment of the latest mystery by the popular Australian author Margot Neville.

"Sweet Night for Murder" tells how young and pretty Cathy Simpson comes to Sydney to spend a few weeks with friends before her marriage to wealthy grazier Roger Clements. But it is with horror that her friends Keith and Jess Watson find her murdered on their terrace one beautiful summer evening.

However, when Inspector Grogan and Sergeant Manning, of the Sydney C.I.B., start their inquiries, a trail of deceit and even blackmail is unearthed, and it seems that many of Cathy's so-called friends have good reason to dislike and even fear her. But with their usual calm investigations Grogan and Manning manage to ascertain the identity of the murderer as the story comes to a thrilling ending.

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Page 70

JACKY'S DIARY by JACKY MENDELSON Age 32½

Now that Lots of Kids will Be going to The Beach, here is a bunch of DUES & DONTs for them... (Mostly DONTs)

Like for INSTANTS you MUST'NT never go in SWIMMING UNLESS THERE'S SOMEBODY Big around who CAN throw you A Life SAVER.



And if you're DIVING, MAKE SURE 1st THERE'S NO ROCKS UNDERNEATH OF YOU COULD BUNK YOUR HEAD.



Also if your PARENTS get LOST, DONT CRY BUT Tell the Life-Saver, & he will Hold you UP.



And you should'NT go in SWIMMING Right after you EAT, but should sit around a while & help in Digest your Food.



Another thing is if you BERRY your DADDY in the Sand, TRY & REMEMBER WHERE.



DON'T go in the Water when your all PRESPYRED, or ELSE you might catch New Monia*



*which is WORSE even then Old Monia!

VERY IMPORTANT NOTISS:

TRY NOT To Swallow ANY of The OCEAN, on a COUNT of it's got Vitamin "SEA" in it, which tastes salty--- i found out!



P.S: Necks weak i will tell you more ways how to Unjoy Yourself on the Beach.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 31, 1960

Looking up to better things!

Happy you! You're the kind of girl who won't settle for sameness. You try whatever's new and wonderful—new lines, new shapes, new colours—smart new ways of living. Like so many of today's smart young moderns, you choose the nicest in sanitary protection, too... Tampax internal sanitary protection! Because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Because it's so easy to use, to change and dispose of. Because you never have worries about odour or problems of carrying "spares". Because with Tampax, you can forget about differences a day of the month! Who wouldn't use Tampax, you say! It's the modern way! In two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs. Ask for Tampax at any chemist or store.



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A.R. TABS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1960

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is tracing the Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas. A girl disguised in a furry suit leads him to a city in the heart of a mountain, where he meets Zeus, the ruler of Olympus. Zeus tells Mandrake that his people are

leaving Earth lest they be discovered. Mandrake is taken to the slopes of Mt. Arat, and the Olympians blast off in a rocketship. Meanwhile, Narda and Lothar see the blast, then find Mandrake. NOW READ ON:



NEXT WEEK THE DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER

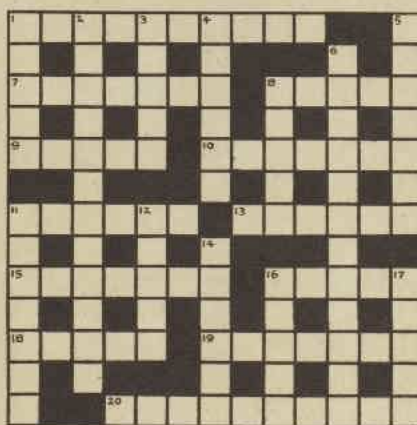
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Such bird is rewarded with invertebrate, creeping creatures (5, 5).
- Antiquated with a pre-eminent head (7).
- With us it is big, in New York it is big money (5).
- Claw, remaining cards or part of a sword-blade (5).
- Make restitution concerning provision (7).
- Where there are dins nose is in them (6).
- Set in a donkey for the property of a person (6).
- Age race (Anagr., 7).
- Human automaton despoil to turn (5).
- Bristly like the beard of the barley (5).
- Green though mostly consists of a red van (7).
- This child's play is a household pet's bed (4, 6).

RHODODENDRONS
O G U N R R P
BARONET OMBRE
IE C I P I L
NOISE CAPITAL
S E E
ETHICS CRATER
ALIBABA ADOT
S N N APRISE
TALON APPRISE
IA E T L L
CAMELS DEGREE

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Definite and extorting demand (5).
- Clear car tint (Anagr., 12).
- Filled with longing for somewhat longer than twelve months (5).
- Brings on oneself in worthless dogs (6).
- Set right with a change of clothing (7).
- A modern bravo (Anagr., 3, 9).
- Aeriform and completely elastic fluids made by the sages (5).
- Lazzaroni a garage's directors produce this cataract (7).
- Large South African antelope (5).
- Cavities in the citadel vestriary (6).
- More unusual are in the centre (5).
- Let it for a distinguishing appellation (5).

people in the know
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AUTHORS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

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